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THE FORUM

FOR AUGUST

VOLUME XLVI, NUMBER 2

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The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JULY 20, 1911.

The Week

Mr. Bryan's Presidential choice for 1912 is either Mr. Folk, or Gov. Wilson, or Speaker Clark, or Hoke Smith, or Gov. Marshall, or Gov. Dix, or Gov. Shafroth, or Gov. Foss, or Senator Culberson, or Congressman Jones, or Judge Clark. Disclaiming any personal inclination to one man more than another in the long roll we have cited, the former wielder of Democratic destinies nevertheless lets it be known, by omission, that there is one Democrat of whom he does not approve. The omitted Governor may perhaps reconcile himself to Mr. Bryan's interdict in consideration of the excellent advertising it brings him. Perhaps he may even be in the mood to congratulate Mr. Bryan on the extraordinary improvement in the condition of the Democratic party, as indicated by the fact that it now has a dozen men who would make a good President where formerly it had but one.

Gov. Marshall of Indiana seems to have yielded to the persistent solicitations of his friends to become a candidate for the Presidency. It is safer to say "seems," because of the proverbial shrewdness of his advisers. They fear anything "spectacular" [illegible] But an interview has appeared which apparently settles the matter. The process of enrolling his candidature was the usual one. He was impressed upon him that it was his duty to the State, the party, every one in general to stand. It was impressed upon the Democracy that inasmuch as the Governor was willing to stand it was the duty of every member of the party to support him. His nomination by convention would seem the simplest. All the other candidates, it would seem, have already developed elements of weakness. There is a widespread belief, say the gentlemen from Indiana, that if Gov. Harmon were nominated, he could not be elected, and a prevalent impression that if Gov. Wilson were elected, he would destroy the party. But Gov. Marshall would at once be responsive to the popular will and free from radical tendencies. Best of all, so stout a friend of Gov. Wilson as Senator Martine admits that Marshall's name would look well along with Wilson's. The nomination for the Vice-Presidency at least seems almost within his grasp.

The Lorimer inquiry is still proceeding on the familiar line, but it must be acknowledged that there is a certain richness about the testimony that tends to compensate for its monotony. If Hines never raised a corruption fund to elect Lorimer, it is astonishing how many people are laboring under the hallucination that he or his friends boasted that he had done so, or else are willing to swear to a lie to that effect. In Monday's testimony, William Burgess, a business man of Duluth, flatly declared that C. F. Wiehe, an associate of Hines, stated that he had himself subscribed $10,000 to the corruption fund. If these sworn assertions are not all [illegible] the amount of naïve satisfaction [illegible] is taken by the Hines people in [illegible] etty little transaction in legis- [illegible] otes is the most curious part of [illegible] ole matter; and we are inclined [illegible] ink that it is upon the theory that [illegible] man would be so simple as to tell strangers of such exploits, rather than upon any direct impeachment of the witnesses, that the defence will rest its hope of breaking the force of the story. But there is another theory which, unfortunately, seems to fit the situation quite as well—the theory that vote-buying in the Illinois Legislature had become so much of a normal affair that a man of easy-going nature, and inclined to garrulous boastfulness, would think nothing of bragging about it.

In his brief statement of what has been done by the House of Representatives in the present session, Chairman Underwood takes occasion to define just what the reformation of the House rules —the first thing achieved in order of time—really means. "We have taken away from the Speaker," he says, "the veto power and control over legislation which he had for years, and organized the House along democratic lines. The rules now enable a Representative to secure favorable action on a measure when he has a majority of the House with him." Upon no subject have those that sneer at all attempts at reform been more contemptuous than upon the efforts to overthrow the despotic rule of the Speaker. They were absolutely sure that nothing of the kind could be done, and that if the silly Democrats got into power, they would either follow in the footsteps of Cannon or bring on chaos. Well, neither of these things has happened. The Speaker's power has been reduced to normal bounds, a method of organization that had been confidently declared to be impossible has proved perfectly workable, and the majority in the House has acted with a degree of harmony and effectiveness which had long been unknown to the Democratic party and to which even the Republican party has been for some years a stranger.

No grounds exist for supposing that the House will refuse to concur in the Senate amendment to the Campaign Publicity bill, limiting the expenditure of a candidate for the United States Senate to $10,000 and of a candidate for the House of Representatives to $5,000. In no case is the candidate's outlay to exceed 10 cents for every vote cast. Applying, as the Senate bill does, to primary elections as well as general elections, the fixed limitation removes one of the most frequently urged objections to direct nominations, namely, that their high cost puts office only within the reach of very wealthy men. Of the principle embodied in the bill little need be said at this late day. Only seven votes were recorded against it in the Senate, and these came from the South, whose peculiar conditions make her over-sensitive to the local implications of a general law. The skeptic may argue that under a greatly strengthened publicity bill it will still be possible for a Lorimer to make his way into the Senate; there are ways of transferring financial responsibility. But everything is possible; the point is that the way of the devil can be made harder.

Whatever the merits of the particular resolution offered by Congressman Sulzer for an investigation of the Immigration Service, two things stand out quite

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plainly and beyond challenge. Both Secretary Nagel and Commissioner Williams, in the very act of repelling the charges of maladministration, give impressive evidence of the need of improvement. They deny emphatically all charges of inhumanity or of overstraining of the law, but their statements bear witness to the crying necessity for introducing more humane conditions. Commissioner Williams declares that he has found it impossible to get from Congress more than one-half or one-third of the money he has requested for the provision of proper accommodations for the crowds of immigrants. Secretary Nagel backs up the Commissioner; and he also tells—as to another aspect of the matter—of the pitiful cases in which the claims of humanity have absolutely forced him to violate the law, not, of course, by overstraining, but by relaxing, its provisions. Would it not be a good plan for Mr. Sulzer to take hold of the matter from another standpoint—to get Congress not so much to inquire into the past as to take steps for the proper treatment of these evils in the future?

The Public Utilities bill signed by Gov. Baldwin was not put through without vigorous effort. Corporation influences which have long been very powerful in Connecticut were active and persistent in efforts to reduce the bill to comparative unimportance, but these efforts were frustrated by hard work and vigilance on the part of a number of legislators faithful to the public interests. The story of the affair was not altogether unlike that of the corporation legislation passed by the New Hampshire Legislature in its recent session. Efficient control of public-service corporations by State commissions has now become an established feature of American practice, and any State that has not provided it will soon be looked upon as distinctly behind the times. The wonder is, indeed, that the country did not wake up long ago to the vital necessity of such a piece of governmental mechanism.

Of the Fourth of July speeches which have been brought to our attention, that of the Governor of South Carolina is conspicuous for its vicious incendiarism. Addressing two great audiences of mill workers in Spartanburg County on Independence Day, Col. Cole L. Blease added to the bad reputation which he had already acquired. As reported in the Spartanburg *Herald*, he dealt with the race question in the most brutal and lawless fashion. He declared openly that he approved of lynching, and added that the negroes of South Carolina knew that he would not send troops to prevent their being lynched. His tirade against the negroes—whom he referred to as "apes and baboons"—he wound up by saying that if an inferior race got in the way of the Caucasians, "a little gunpowder and a few buckshot are often the most effective remedy." Such unblushing advocacy of murder is, however, only in line with some of the Governor's other notions about law and order. He has been freely criticised for his lavish use of the pardoning power, but he defended it and asserted that "there are a lot of good men in the penitentiary—men of as good families as yours or mine—who ought to be out." Gov. Blease also made himself responsible for the view that "when a man got into a quarrel and drew a pistol and killed his antagonist, he ought not to be judged too severely." Such ruffianly sentiments, coming from a man sworn for the enforcement of the laws, carry their own condemnation. They are, in fact, execrated by the leading newspapers of South Carolina; and it appears to be certain that Gov. Blease will soon have run his course and passed from the public contempt.

It is not yet time to write New England's epitaph. Like the old England, the new is often spoken of as having reached the zenith of its prosperity, although in both cases there is not only not a decline, but an actual increase, in both population and products. Reports of decadence, in the one case as in the other, are due in part to discussion among the persons immediately concerned, who are consequently not in a position to blame outsiders for taking them at their face value. The fact in the two cases is, that there has been a relative decline in importance, but this no more means the beginning of the end for them than the want of supremacy signifies the same thing for countries and States that have always been behind. As early as 1820, as Frederic Austin Ogg points out in the *Independent*, Webster lamented that "our New England prosperity and importance are passing away." Relatively, they were. But nearly a century has gone by since then, and New England is still with us. What is more, the days when, owing to the great migration to the West and the small immigration from foreign countries, the population of these States was almost stationary, have also passed, and the increase in population is now rather more than normal.

Even in agriculture, in which we incline to think that the situation is summed up in the phrase "abandoned farm," there is decided advance. Interestingly enough, this is due in a measure to the summer residents who have invaded the region for its good as well as their own. One man, for instance, rented a farm of forty acres, with an excellent house and the usual improvements, for the sum of $30 a year. Two years later it was supplying the wants of his family and a surplus of $600 a year. To-day, says Mr. Ogg, every farm adjoining this one is in an unprecedentedly high state of productivity. "The trouble with the New England farmer," says the dean of a Western agricultural college, "is that he is timid, afraid to try new methods and machinery, afraid to plant a large acreage." But it is manufacture and commerce that must dominate in New England. In the former she has two enormous advantages over the rest of the country—in her wealth of water-power and of efficient labor. Her great disadvantage is her dependence upon outside sources for raw materials, but attention to improvements in transportation will prevent this from becoming an insuperable obstacle. Between 1895 and 1905 the manufactures of Massachusetts increased in value 50 per cent. In commerce, Boston has recovered second place from New Orleans and her foreign trade increased 97 per cent. in the year 1906-7. It is premature, to put it mildly, to speak of the passing of New England.

The final report to Parliament of the Royal Commission on the relation of human and animal tuberculosis seems to dispose conclusively of the famous declaration of Dr. Koch, made ten years ago, with as near an approach to positiveness as so careful a scientist could permit himself, that the transmission of bovine tuberculosis to man is [illegible]

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impossible, or, if it occurs at all, occurs so very rarely that it is not advisable to take any measures against it. The Royal Commission finds, as a result of a long and most painstaking investigation, that bovine tuberculosis can be transmitted to man, and that, in point of fact, out of twenty-eight cases of tuberculosis of the lungs investigated, two were caused by bovine tubercle bacilli. The Commission accordingly recommends that existing regulations for the prevention of the use of meat or milk from tuberculous cattle be thoroughly enforced, and indeed strengthened.

The Americanization of the world has now reached Wisconsin, and no less an authority than a former Governor declares that in all, or nearly all, parts of the State the English language is well understood. Formerly it was necessary for the political organizations to send German speakers into many sections of the State, and so little attention was paid to the teaching of English in the parochial schools that it was not worth putting into statistics. The new condition did not come about without a struggle. There was long and vigorous opposition to the Bennett law, which made English compulsory in the schools, and the Governor was urged to ignore it. He was compelled to call the attention of one delegation of clergymen to the fact that he had taken an oath to enforce the laws. To-day, however, English is taught everywhere, and in some of the parochial schools the teaching is entirely English. The sentiment [illegible] the law has changed as people have seen the advantages [illegible] in being able to use [illegible] of the rest of the country.

Criticism seems almost unanimous in finding the secret of Mark Twain's greatness in the fact that he was a great American. An analysis of Mark Twain shows that he was American in more than one. We refer, in particular, to the fact that he left behind a large amount of worthless common stocks. Probably very few men who have lost a million dollars have not had cause, in some degree, to the lure of speculation. But there is a flavor to unsalable securities the great left behind that is quite different from the ordinary "wildcat" mining or railway paper. Mark Twain's shares were in the Plasmon Milk Company, in the Koy-lo Company, in the International Spiral Pin Company. This is not speculation. This is to abide in the golden dreamlands of Colonel Sellers, where there were always millions in the most fantastic of projects.

In reading the news from Mexico allowance should be made for the activities of the anti-Maderist news agencies. Evicted monarchs have a way of leaving these press-bureaus behind them, and Diaz is probably no exception. Having made proper allowance for exaggeration, we may readily acknowledge that the situation in Mexico has not yet completely adjusted itself, and recognize at the same time that this was to be expected. Revolutions need time to quiet down as well as to boil up, and the aftermath of a revolution, when the fighting tension is relaxed, is always disenchanting. The deplorable fighting at Puebla and elsewhere might or might not have been prevented if the proper man had been in authority at Mexico City. In any case, we are entitled to check off the loss of life at Puebla against the record of the Diaz régime, which may have functioned with great[illegible] dispatch, but functioned remorselessly.

The Temps, by far the best-informed of French newspapers in foreign affairs, refuses to grow excited over the Agadir incident. It argues that between the Moroccan question in 1905 and in 1911 there is a vast difference. Germany's challenge to France in the former year was avowedly concerned not with Morocco but with the general international situation. The Kaiser's Government was irritated at the chain of alliances which France was forging for Teutonic "isolation," and seized upon the Moroccan situation as a pretext for sounding a solemn warning. In 1911 no such strained situation exists in international relations. The various national alliances and understandings are on a recognized basis. Thus Germany has no axe to grind in Europe, and none, apparently, in Asia. The hypothesis that she really wants a coaling station in Morocco is dismissed as ridiculous. Germany's true purpose, the *Temps* believes, is to bring about a resumption of friendly "conversations" which M. Pichon began two years ago and the Monis Ministry allowed to drop. It was a hint after the German fashion, but no more than a hint. Whether this explanation contains the whole truth or not, the French attitude in the Agadir incident has been marked by admirable restraint.

The behavior of the Spanish Government in Morocco suggests nothing so much as the diplomatic methods that prevail in the novels of Mr. E. Phillips Oppenheim. Here is a Government which only two years ago had a very bitter reminder of what are the perils of colonial adventure, plunging ahead in Morocco as if there were no powerful republican party at home ready to take advantage of the first serious reverse to the Spanish arms. More puzzling still, here is the hitherto firm and faithful friend of the French people, engaged in a policy of apparently open provocation toward France. The height of bitter feeling in France has been aroused, not by Germany's conduct in the Agadir affair, but by the conduct of Spain, whose tactics have supplied Germany with an excuse for intervention. It may be that the Spanish Government has decided that the partition of Morocco is at hand and that it will grab as much as it can against that eventuality. But in face of all the attendant risks we have enumerated, this would be a most extraordinary policy, especially when we consider that Spain can gain more by France's friendship than in any other way.

The renewal of the Anglo-Japanese treaty, with the proviso that neither party to the compact is to be called upon to take the field against a nation with which it has concluded a general treaty of arbitration, opens up many interesting points of view. The one that most immediately concerns us is that the bugaboo of Japanese invasion will be laid to rest for a good many years to come. Japan attacking us single-handed and, by implication, against the wishes of its ally is a possibility which even to Capt. Hobson and Mr. John Temple Graves cannot but seem remote. In the future politics of the Far East, diplomacy will now have to make all its calculations on the axiom that among the three Powers, Great Britain, the United States, and Japan, or between any two of them, armed conflict is out of the question.

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THE CONGRESSIONAL APPORTIONMENT.

The House leaders are reported to have set their heart strongly upon the passage of the bill for reapportioning Congressional representation on the basis of the last census. Mr. Underwood has even asserted that the House will not consent to adjourn unless the Senate agrees to pass this bill. Implied in this position is also the view that the Senate ought not in any way to modify the measure as sent up by the House. The contention is tacitly made that it is exclusively a function of the House of Representatives to determine how many Representatives there shall be. It is said that inasmuch as the last House, which was Republican, decided upon the same number, 443, as found favor with the present Democratic House, there is nothing for Senators to do but acquiesce without a word or vote in opposition.

To this contention it is impossible to agree. We admit that precedent for many years has appeared to leave the question of the Federal ratio wholly to the House. After the Census of 1840, it is true, the Senate objected to the plan of apportionment hit upon by the House, and brought about a change in it; but, if we are correctly informed, ever since that debate the decisions of the House have been concurred in by the Senate very much as a matter of form. But this record of tame acquiescence does not in the least destroy the Senate's Constitutional privilege in the premises, or set aside what may be its public duty. It will never do to set up the doctrine that a Congressional apportionment is as solely the business of the House as the selection of its doorkeepers.

Legally, the case really needs no argument. The Senate has the power to approve, reject, or amend any bill that comes to it from the House. If it can do this even with money bills, it certainly can with an apportionment bill. And it is absurd to maintain that so important a matter as deciding what shall be the membership of the House, and so of the Electoral College, is not of great public concern, and so of legitimate concern to the Senate. It is to be hoped, therefore, that Senators so minded will debate the whole question freely. If they can show that a mistake has been made by the House, they owe it to themselves and to the country to do so.

There is the more reason for such a course in the Senate in the fact that the plan of apportionment was not debated on its merits when it passed the House. This was true last year as this, and the reason is plain. The apportionment adopted had no underlying principle except one—if it can be called a principle—that the representation of no State shall be cut down. That was frankly admitted as the controlling consideration with those who framed the bill, and the very admission shows that the measure was, in fact, log-rolled. That is to say, no plan however excellent, supported by no matter what arguments of public policy, had a chance of getting the requisite number of votes unless it left the representation from each State at least as large as it is at present. Indeed, in the last Congress the Republican leaders of the House favored a bill keeping the membership nearly stationary, and sought to get it approved, but were voted down in their own caucus. A similar fate would no doubt have befallen any effort of the kind this year. So that what we have offered to us is simply the principle that no State shall ever lose a [illegible] sentative. But it is propos[illegible] firm that the Federal ratio [illegible] determined solely upon that bas[illegible] whole question of the most efficient [illegible] of the House is involved, and ought no[illegible] to be pushed aside merely because [illegible] enough Representatives combine to save any single man from displacement, and thereby to settle it that every ten years the House shall automatically be made larger. If the Senate meekly and silently assents to that position, it will be abdicating its own functions. At least let us have the matter discussed as one of large principle, and not simply disposed of on the plea that no other scheme of apportionment can be got through the House. That would be to make logic and sound views of government give way to a mere log-rolling arrangement.

Senators who object to letting the apportionment be determined by mere numerical preponderance in the House, will, of course, be accused of "playing politics." It will be said that they wish to shove the bill over till next year so that two or three Democratic Legislatures that would now have the work of redistricting to do might be replaced by Republican bodies. This motive may enter, no doubt, but it will not be openly avowed, and any Senators who may speak on the main question will address themselves to the fundamentals involved. Such a debate might easily be most instructive, and the Senate has no reason to shirk it. We suppose the probability to be that the whole matter will go over till next year, but in that case there would be at least this gain: the House would have learned that the Senate would not accept offhand and without inquiry any form of Congressional apportionment that the House might choose to send over.

THE LAWYER AND THE NATION.

Gov. Wilson's address before the Kentucky Bar Association last week touched on none of the questions with which his presumptive candidacy for the Democratic nomination for the Presidency is associated in the public mind. Although its title was "The Lawyer in Politics," there was no hint of initiative, referendum, or recall, nothing about commission government or direct primaries or popular election of Senators; nothing even—except, perhaps, by general implication—about the Anti-Trust law or its enforcement as a criminal statute making guilt personal. Indeed, the address was not a discussion of political questions, but rather on the public duties and re[illegible]s of the legal profession in a [illegible] ours, "where the rules of law [illegible] been the chief instruments of [illegible] and regulation, of liberty and [illegible] organization, and the chief means [illegible] society from one stage to the next of its slow development." Nor, on this broad theme, did Mr. Wilson have anything new to offer. The two aspects of it which he made prominent are aspects which have been constantly present to the thoughts of those who have dealt with the subject in recent years. It is to the lawyers that we must look for [illegible] effecting that reform of legal [illegible] which everybody now recognizes as an urgent need of the nation; and it is upon lawyers that we must chiefly rely for effective dealing with those [illegible] problems of corporation and [illegible] control which lie at the heart of the economic organization of society [illegible] time.

Upon the first of these questions, Gov.

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Wilson makes the excellent suggestion that if the bar association of some one State were to devote itself with real determination and persistence to the task of a thoroughgoing reform of judicial procedure, it would "insure a universal reconsideration of the matter from one end of the country to the other," and would thus do an invaluable service to the whole nation. The story of the advances made in many matters of the highest moment, within the past few decades, bears out the practical force of the suggestion. The multitude and diversity of our methods of law and government, which go with our State system, have many drawbacks; but they have a great advantage in that a good example need only be set in one State in order to have an excellent chance of spreading throughout the Union. The models set by Wisconsin and New York in dealing with the public-service-corporation question are rapidly being followed in all parts of the country; the experiment of commission government for cities was taken up with surprising promptness —considering its novel character—in scores of other places after a beginning had been made in Galveston; the juvenile court has quickly become a national institution in the same way; surely if any one State were to [illegible] tute a truly efficient reform in its [illegible] ods of legal procedure, emulation [illegible] be swift to show itself in a [illegible] whose grave importance [illegible] tion has by this time been [illegible] drawn, especially as re[illegible] cesses of criminal ju[illegible] the President of the Uni[illegible] refer to the contrast in [illegible] between England and our [illegible] as "startling and hum[illegible] any son of America who [illegible] his fellow-countrymen [illegible] ding and law-enforcing p[illegible] the response of publi[illegible] a genuine effort to re[illegible] each would be hearty and [illegible]

[illegible] question of the relation of the profession to the development of great public policies, the situation is of a far less simple character. The question is less one of concentration than of individuual effort [illegible] nce. Gov. Wilson does well, [illegible] to exhort the lawyers to cultivate broad-mindedness and patriotic [illegible] to think of themselves as [illegible] rst and hired advocates only secondarily; and to express a pious hope that some State bar association may make up its mind to devote itself with "determination and indomitable perseverance" to the promotion of "those policies which will bring regeneration to the business of the country," the solving of the modern problems of life with their "infinite complexities." But we confess that this notion of a concerted attack upon the questions of Trusts and monopolies, of employees' claims and employers' duties, of taxation and property rights, does not strike us as in the least degree promising. The lawyers of the country have an extraordinary opportunity, and there lies upon them an extraordinary duty, in all this field; but it is an opportunity and a duty which should appeal to them individually, not collectively. Light and leading in these matters are to be expected from a few men of superior ability and exceptional devotion, not primarily from the cooperative efforts of a great association. In this, as in some other highly important matters, our country suffers in[illegible] om the remorseless absorp[illegible] intellects and strongest [illegible] n the routine of business. [illegible] o-day in the legal profes[illegible] of men of the highest pow[illegible] most abundant knowledge and [illegible] ence, who keep their nose to the [illegible] dstone of ordinary professional [illegible] actice simply because everybody else [illegible] oes so, and who would find, even from the point of view of personal ambition, infinitely greater satisfaction in efforts directed toward great public objects. When the call of public duty comes in a familiar form, it often meets with ready response from such men. Mr. Hughes did not hesitate to take upon himself the tremendous burdens of a task not inherently congenial to him when circumstances accidentally pointed to him as the necessary man for the Governorship. Great labors are continually being undertaken, without hope of reward, by busy lawyers, when some public task has to be performed for which they are drafted by reason of their special qualification. But what a magnificent opening there is for the man who is an acknowledged master of all the complexities of corporation law and business, who is still in the prime of his powers, and who should set up for himself the ambition of becoming a leader of enlightened thought on these absorbing questions, a mighty influence in the shaping of public policy, an instrument ready to the hand of the State or the Federal Government in the execution of such policy. A single man of commanding powers, with this as the distinctly conceived object of his professional ambition, might achieve what parties and conventions wear themselves out in vain efforts to accomplish.

THE BRITISH CRISIS.

The Constitutional situation in England is hastening rapidly to a crisis—a crisis more acute than seemed probable a few days ago. Lord Newton's amendment to the veto bill, which provided that no bill for the further limitation of the legislative powers of the House of Lords should be introduced until after another general election, met with no support from either side; so that the two parties in the House of Lords, at the close of the report stage of the bill, faced each other in an attitude of irreconcilable opposition. Lord Morley, representing the Liberal Government, stood for the bill as it passed the Commons, without concession either substantial or sentimental, while Lord Lansdowne insisted on the important amendments which had been offered on behalf of the Conservatives.

Within a few days, the Lords will be face to face with the necessity of making a final decision on the crucial question whether they shall meekly bow their heads to the storm or defy the elements to do the worst. The choice they will have to make is of much the same nature as that which was before them when the Lloyd George budget was presented. That was a bitter pill for them to swallow; but they were warned by all their wisest advisers that they were running most imminent risk of being compelled to drain a cup far more bitter if they rejected that. They chose to run the risk; and the consequence has come very near to proving fatal. Whether it shall prove altogether fatal or not depends, in all probability, upon the question whether they once more make the mistake of hazarding their fortunes upon a contest in which the odds against them are desperate. If they should reject the bill when it is again returned to them by the Commons, they can do so only in the hope of a double event turning out in

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their favor, when the chances as to each half of the event are in the highest degree adverse. Their defiance of the decree registered against them as the result of the last general election—and of the inflexible determination of the existing Government—can result in reversing that decree only if the King shall refuse to create the new peers that Mr. Asquith will unquestionably demand, and if, in addition to this, the new general election that will necessarily follow shall bring in a Conservative majority. The first supposition there is good reason to regard as highly improbable; but, granted that the King should take it upon himself to deny the means necessary to carry out the will of the majority of the Commons in the very issue upon which the last election was instituted, the prospect of anything but a decisive defeat at the polls seems too slight to be seriously thought of.

Nor can it be said that in making a last stand for their ancient rights, in the spirit of a forlorn hope, the Lords would at least be dying gloriously for a cause which was lost in any event. It is true that the veto bill goes so far toward destroying the standing of the House of Lords as a political power that there is a strong temptation to feel that the little that will be left is not worth saving; but it is precisely the stanchest defenders of the British Constitution as it has been who will refuse to take this view. In the most desperate situation, the part of true courage may be to save the remnants of the army by an orderly retreat, rather than invite complete destruction by a brilliant but futile display of gallantry. If the Lords yield, they will be shorn of all power over legislation except that of a mild suspensory veto; but they will still be in a position to appeal to national sentiment, still in a position, in one way or another, to take advantage of a reaction in their favor. If they resist, and are swamped by the creation of hundreds of new peers, they will at once cease to be that which, in the imagination of the nation, they have hitherto been. And if their resistance should have the result not of causing the creation of new peers, but of bringing on a general election and a crushing defeat, who can say how far the new legislation would go toward not merely mending, but ending, the House of Lords?

In the remarkable series of editorial articles in which the London *Spectator* has been urging, with extraordinary force and impressiveness, the policy of a sagacious acceptance of the inevitable, chief stress is laid on the referendum as the means of restoring in the future that balance of the British Constitution which it sees no hope of preserving in the present. To an American reader, few things could be more interesting than the contrast between the light in which the referendum appears to the British conservative casting about for a means of preserving the ancient tradition of his government and that in which it is regarded by the American progressive bent on wiping out the abuses of ours. The referendum is championed by American opponents of the existing economic order as an instrument for preventing corrupting influences in the Legislature from standing between the people and the immediate execution of their will; it is advocated by English supporters of the rights of property as a barrier to the hasty institution of radical changes by the representatives of the popular majority of the moment. The referendum is advocated in England as an every-day corrective of legislative [illegible] and errors, but as the ultimate [illegible] in a grave conflict of fundamental interests. Whether it is capable of fulfilling that function is a broad and difficult question. But the feeling that prompts the advocacy of it is the feeling that without it England will be face to face with the untried possibilities of government by a single chamber, unchecked by the restraints of a written Constitution and freed almost entirely from those more subtle bonds which reverence for an unwritten Constitution has hitherto maintained. To bow to the storm, to bide their time, to build up a new vitality with the aid of the referendum—such is the programme which is suggested to the Lords in their time of trial; it remains to be seen whether they will adopt it or stake what is left of their past upon one more cast of the dice.

RULING THE LESSER BREEDS.

The appointment of Lord Kitchener to be British agent in Egypt in succession to the late Sir Eldon Gorst will be received with immense satisfaction by the pillars of British imperialism. The necessity for putting a "strong man" in charge of the Egyptian Government has long been apparent to those students of the Orient who have taken their point of view from the works of Rudyard Kipling and pursued their observations in the pleasant company of British administrators and army officers. Sir Eldon Gorst's mild and tolerant rule was breeding anarchy. The hour called for a strong man.

Now that the strong man has appeared in the shape of Lord Kitchener, it would not be amiss to inquire into the fitness of this type of man for the difficult work of governing a tropical people in this the second decade of the twentieth century. There is no question here of moral issues or other sentimental issues, but of that Efficiency which in the strong man is supposed to compensate for the absence of qualities otherwise desirable. India serves as a good example because during the last decade India had the good fortune to have her destinies shaped, not by one strong man, but by two. One was Lord Kitchener in his post as commander-in-chief of the British forces in the peninsula. The other was the late Viceroy, Lord Curzon. A great deal of the strong man's energy is always used up in shoving other strong men out of his way. And that is what happened in India. Lord [illegible], during his second term, fell [illegible] Lord Kitchener, and in the end was compelled to resign. The spectacle of the two highest members of the Government engaged in bitter hostilities could not be said to have increased British prestige in the eyes of the Indian natives; but that is a comparatively unimportant question. The point is that Lord Kitchener had his own views about the reorganization of the Indian army and was allowed to carry them out.

We do not recall by how many times Lord Kitchener's reforms were supposed to have multiplied the efficiency of the Indian army; but the multiple was a large one. It may be that the Northwest frontier was rendered quite impregnable against that Russian invasion which never has been and never will be within the realm of probability. What is certain is that the native Indian army to-day is permeated with anti-British feeling and with rank sedition. Native soldiers are continually being arrested for conspiring against the Government, and there have been repeated [illegible] here and there, of a condition [illegible]

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fairs that bordered closely on mutiny. The Unionist press at home has roundly declared that disloyalty is more widespread among the native troops to-day than at any time since the Sepoy rebellion; which forms one kind of testimonial to the efficiency of Lord Kitchener's methods in India.

Of the efficiency of that other strong man, Lord Curzon, there is still more striking evidence. The present unrest in India, which undoubtedly constitutes a very serious problem for its English masters, may be explained in part as a result of Japan's triumph over Russia. The whole Orient caught the reverberations of that historic shock. But there are very few people to deny the fact that what gave life and body to Indian discontent was the partition of the province of Bengal, which Lord Curzon made his pet measure, against the best opinion in India. To the Bengalis this was a partial destruction of their fatherland; in any case, this notoriously unmilitary race has been thrown into a state of violent sedition. The Bengalis are also a quick-witted race, and have easily mastered the tools of modern revolutionism, the inflammatory proclamation and the bomb. If we are to judge strong men by their achievements, it should be written of Lord Curzon that he found India peaceful and left it aflame.

Compared with this record in India, what is there to be said against the administration of Sir Eldon Gorst, who was so conspicuously not a strong man that it nearly broke Mr. Theodore Roosevelt's heart? Under the Gorst administration there has been a good deal of nationalist agitation, of newspaper warfare, of student manifestations, and just one lamentable case of assassination; India by this time has had fully half a dozen. And because no mailed-fist policies were brought to bear in Egypt, the movement there has fallen back into safe channels, and Lord Kitchener will succeed to a peaceful heritage. The movement has not died out, because civilization has not died out. It would be idle to suppose that the tide of progress can be kept back in any country where men think and read and observe. To expect the Hindu or the Egyptian forever to bow obsequiously to the foreign Sahib or Sidi, forever to be content with having everything done for him and doing nothing for himself, is to court folly and disaster. England has a choice between a policy of repression and a policy of wise concession and political education.

For, in the last resort, no white Power that rules over Eastern races can escape this dilemma: Either the people you govern prospers under your rule or it does not. If it does not, there is no excuse, of course, for remaining where you are. If it does prosper, there is no power in the world that can permanently withstand the upward pressure of a people in whom national pride must keep pace with national efficiency. Imperialist opinion speaks with fear and contempt of the dangerous educated Babu. Is England prepared to suppress schools, books, and newspapers in India and Egypt?

WHY THACKERAY WEARS WELL.

In most of what is written about the Thackeray centenary there is evident a sort of personal affection unwonted in such celebrations. It appears to be not so much a mighty shade that is commemorated as an intimate friend that is greeted. Many literary centenaries are observed in a perfunctory spirit. We do the thing because it is expected of us, yet without much heartiness. But somehow Thackeray's personality has so projected itself across the forty-eight years since his death that he still seems very human and very near; and the articles and addresses concerning him in this his hundredth birth-year have an air of spontaneity and zest, such as one seldom meets on like occasions. It would appear as if thousands of people were simply glad of the chance to express once more their sense of grateful obligation to him and their persistent feeling of admiring affection for him.

Thackeray has unquestionably fared well in the lapsing years. His appeal was never of the widest, but it was always deep, and in some ways seems even to be deepening. That he had good carrying quality is attested by the things we have spoken of, and also by the steady interest in his writings and in all that relates to his private life. Though no formal biography of him has been produced, as he wished that none should be, a vast amount of reminiscence and anecdote concerning him, with a large body of his letters, has been published, and in all of it he has been singularly fortunate. Whimsicalities have been revealed, but no meannesses. His friendships were stanch, and his love for his daughters unaffected and almost a form of piety with him. Nothing that has leaped to light has given any friend of his cause to blush; and the whole texture of his life and activity, as we now know it so fully, appears singularly fine. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that his personality stands before us to-day as engaging as it was when he was a part of this breathing world.

If we ask what it is in his writings that has made them wear so well, the attention is first caught, of course, by that great preservative, style. Thackeray's English has often been praised, not always perhaps with entire discretion; but as frequently happens with conventional laudation, a certain reaction is provoked. Irritated people will echo Dr. Johnson's phrase: "I would rather praise him than read him." It is good discipline, however, even if it were not a perpetual delight, to turn to his best pages and consider what a command he had of form. We speak not now of such a linguistic *tour de force* as "Esmond," which left Lowell wondering, albeit with a grain of malicious satisfaction when he could catch Thackeray tripping over a minor point in Queen Anne English. We have rather in mind the flexible and perfectly adequate instrument of language which he ordinarily employed—so direct, so simple, without anything finessing or fantastic about it, worlds removed from journalese, but capable of rendering every idea with the utmost clearness, and conveying emotion without rant and pathos without slobbering. Thackeray's style alone would help us to understand why he can be read with fascination after fifty years.

But his subjects, too, and the range of his treatment explain his survival as almost a contemporary writer. When at the age of thirty-six he flashed his masterpiece upon the world, the discerning saw upon what a broad canvas his preliminary work had been imperceptibly preparing him to paint, and with what power. It has been said that Thackeray could throw everything else overboard and live on by "Vanity Fair" alone. Yet the penetration and the humor and the scorn for baseness and the

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sure sense for the dramatic which he displayed in that book, were adumbrated long before it and shone in other volumes long after it. For he had the privilege of genius in not only giving his age a new standpoint and a new literary method, but in continuing to illustrate and to enforce his way of looking at life in connection with a great sweep of human characters. He gives us large pictures and takes us to full-length dramas. If it be asserted that his strength lay in dealing with people of the middle class, their follies and their aspirations, it must not be forgotten that he knew how to sail boldly for the coasts of Bohemia, and that the lash of his satire struck upward in the social order as well as downward. Lord Rosebery has said, with a certain air of class chagrin, that the sight of a coronet made Thackeray run amuck with a scourge; though he admits that the particular specimens flagellated well deserved their punishment. But this really speaks of the sturdy democracy which Thackeray carried into letters as well as exemplified in life, and which was not so facile or popular a quality in mid-Victorian days.

Happily, it is no longer necessary to take up the tedious charge that Thackeray was a gloomy cynic. If nothing else had made that preposterous, what his daughter has given us about the man himself would have forever driven it from sane criticism. To have called him a sentimentalist would have been nearer the truth—always meaning a sincere and controlled sentiment, a manly feeling for what is sweet and tender in life. Where he let himself go in familiar talk with his readers, as he perhaps did most freely and completely in his "Roundabout Papers," we at once perceive a simplicity of attitude, a delicate appreciation, a deep sense of humility and love of justice which mark as surely as wit and scorn the writer who lives again in lives made better by his presence.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

No poet's verse ever mounted higher than that wonderful flight with which "The Dunciad" concludes, says Thackeray in his "English Humourists"; and after quoting the lines:

> She comes! she comes! the sable throne behold,
> etc.,

he continues:

In these astonishing lines Pope reaches, I think, to the very greatest height which his sublime art has attained, and shows himself the equal of all poets of all times. It is the brightest ardor, the loftiest assertion of truth, the most generous wisdom illustrated by the noblest poetic figure, and spoken in words the aptest, grandest, and most harmonious. . . . It is Truth, the champion, shining and intrepid, and fronting the great world-tyrant with armies of slaves at his back.

The beauty and imagination of the lines I believe all of us will recognize, though I think most of us will feel at liberty to doubt the wisdom and truth of the prediction that the sway of an "uncreating" Dulness will bury knowledge in the "universal darkness" of ignorance. Pope himself admired the lines so much that when he repeated them his voice faltered. "And well it might, sir, for they are noble lines!" quoth Dr. Johnson, who, too, was fond of repeating them in "his forcible melodious manner."

The well-known care with which Pope wrote and polished his verses led me to examine the growth of this passage. There were three distinct stages of development.

"The Dunciad" was first given to the public in 1728; it appeared in pamphlet form, with a preface, but with few and meagre notes. Publication had been carefully prepared for, and popularity was immediate. Seven or eight editions, counting both surreptitious and authoritative ones, were called for, but no acknowledgment of Pope's authorship was made until about the seventh. The poem was in three books, and contained a total of 920 lines. The lines that concluded book iii were the germ from which was to spring the passage now so much admired:

> Then, when these signs declare the mighty Year,
> When the dull Stars roll round, and re-appear;
> *Let there be darkness!* (the dread pow'r shall say)
> All shall be darkness, as it ne'er were Day;
> To their first Chaos Wit's vain works shall fall,
> And universal Dulness* cover all!
>
> No more the Monarch could such raptures bear;
> He wak'd, and all the Vision mix'd with air.

In the next year the poem reappeared, enlarged to a total of 1,014 lines, and accompanied by a mass of notes and mock-critical apparatus. Popularity showed no sign of waning, and the number of "editions," or variants, extended to eight or ten—the bibliographers have not been able to determine the matter. Of the eighty-four additional lines, sixty appeared in book iii. The lines just quoted were altered so as to read in the quarto:

> Signs following signs lead on the Mighty Year;
> See! the dull stars roll round and re-appear.
> She comes! the Cloud-compelling Pow'r, behold!
> With Night Primæval, and with Chaos old.
> Lo! the great Anarch's ancient reign restor'd,
> Light dies before her uncreating word:
> As one by one, at dread Medæa's strain,
> The sick'ning Stars fade off the a'thereal plain;
> As Argus' eyes, by Hermes wand oppress,
> Clos'd one by one to everlasting rest;
> Thus at her felt approach, and secret might,
> Art after Art goes out, and all is Night.
> See sculking Truth in her old cavern lye,
> Secur'd by mountains of heap'd casuistry:
> Philosophy, that touch'd the Heavens before,
> Shrinks to her hidden cause, and is no more:
> See Physic beg the Stagyrite's defence!
> See Metaphysic call for aid on Sence!
> See Mystery to Mathematicks fly!
> In vain! they gaze, turn giddy, rave, and die.
> Thy hand great Dulness! lets the curtain fall,
> And universal Darkness covers all.
>
> Enough! enough! the raptur'd Monarch cries;
> And thro' the Ivory Gate the Vision flies.

*Warburton in his edition of 1751 quotes these lines, putting Darkness in place of Dulness; but the two 1728 editions I have give Dulness.

In the first octavo, published by Lawton Gilliver (1729), and in subsequent editions, some of the errors were corrected, and the "covers" of line 356 was altered to "buries." In the third period of active interest in "The Dunciad," 1735-36, most of the editorial energy went into the revision of the notes. The concluding passage of book iii was continued with no material alteration, and so it remained till the middle of the year 1742.

Meantime, a number of lines had grown under the poet's hands, without taking shape as a definite poem. He decided to revise these, to add others, and to publish the whole as a continuation of "The Dunciad." In March, 1742, there appeared "The New Dunciad: As it was found in the Year 1741." The poem in the first edition, in quarto, contained 618 lines; it was republished in rapidly succeeding quartos and octavos, growing to 620 lines in the later editions. Still later it was joined to its predecessor, and called book iv.

Somewhere toward midsummer, in an edition of Pope's "Works" in small octavo, "The Dunciad" was issued in this fuller form as Volume III, part i (the first three books), and Volume III, part ii (the fourth book), each a separate volume. Of the second, Volume III, part ii, I have five variants published by Dodsley & Cooper. In two copies book iv contains 618 lines; in two others, 620 lines; and in the fifth, 650 lines (by an error in numbering; there are really 648 lines). The fifth variant appeared later than the other four, probably in the latter half of July. Its greater length is explained by the fact that it concludes with an early draft of the passage praised by Thackeray. It is the earliest "edition" to show the passage shifted from the end of book iii to the end of book iv, and to show it almost as it was finally to stand. The lines are as follows:

> In vain, in vain—the all-composing Hour
> Resistless falls: The Muse obeys the Pow'r.
> The *Gloom rolls on*, the sable Throne behold
> Of Night Primæval, and of Chaos old!
> Before them Fancy's gilded clouds decay,
> And all her varying Rain-bows die away.
> Wit shoots in vain its momentary fires,
> The meteor drops, and in a flash expires.
> As one by one, at dread Medæa's strain,
> The sick'ning stars fade off th' ethereal plain;
> As Argus' eyes by Hermes' wand opprest,
> Clos'd one by one to everlasting rest;
> Thus at her felt approach, and secret might,
> Art after art goes out, and all is Night.
> See *skulking* Truth to her old Cavern fled,
> Mountains of Casuistry heap'd o'er her head!
> Philosophy, that lean'd on Heav'n before,
> Shrinks to her second cause, and is no more.
> Physic of Metaphysic begs defence,
> And Metaphysic calls for aid on Sense;
> See Mystery to Mathematics fly!
> In vain! they gaze, turn giddy, rave, and die.
> Religion blushing veils her sacred fires,
> And unawares Morality expires.
> Nor public Flame, nor private, dares to shine;
> Nor human Spark is left, nor Glimpse divine.
> Lo! thy dread Empire, Chaos! is restor'd;
> Light dies before thy uncreating word:
> Thy hand, great Anarch! lets the curtain fall;
> And Universal Dulness buries All.

But the end, though near, was not just yet. Pope had long borne a grudge against Colley Cibber, the famous actor of the generation, a successful playwright, and anything but a dunce. Hence, at Twit'nam, a campaign was planned for snuffing out this sparkle as thoroughly as had been done for the rush-lights of Grub Street. Pope's guardian angel nodded, and in the luckless moment the poet decided to alter the whole "Dunciad,"

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substituting a new hero for the old one. Cibber should supplant Theobald, and become himself monarch of the realm of Dulness.

Pope's weapon, however, proved a boomerang. He harmed his enemy less than he damaged his poem. But the changes necessary for the new design affected the concluding passage little. When, after thirteen months, the poem appeared in October, 1743, four of the lines had been altered. Line 629, the one with which Thackeray begins his quotation, had become:

She comes! she comes! the sable Throne behold.

Lines 631-32 now read:

Before her, Fancy's gilded clouds decay,
And all its varying Rain-bows die away.

And the last line:

And universal Darkness buries All.

The development of the passage affords an example of Pope's revision of his lines at the suggestion of a friend, and an illustration, too, of his incapacity in philosophy. Warburton, friend, counsellor, and champion of the poet in his later years, and long his editor and annotator, makes this note in his edition of "The Dunciad" in 1751:

Ver. 643. in the former Edd. it stood thus,

Philosophy, that reach'd the Heav'ns before,
Shrinks to her hidden cause, and is no more.

And this was intended as a censure of the Newtonian philosophy. For the poet had been misled by the prejudices of foreigners, as if that philosophy had recurred to the *occult qualities of Aristotle*. . . . When I hinted to him how he had been imposed upon, he changed the lines with great pleasure into a compliment (as they now stand) on that divine genius, and a satire on the folly by which he himself had been misled.

The change of the old line 348,

Secur'd by mountains of heap'd casuistry,

to the new 642,

Mountains of Casuistry heap'd o'er her head,

was a particularly felicitous bit of revision. It is worthy of note, too, as an instance of the hovering of an author's mind, that in line 656 the poet reverted, in 1742, to the Dulness of the 1728 verses, only to change it to Darkness in 1743.

R. H. GRIFFITH.

The University of Texas, July 3.

Correspondence

THE QUESTION OF GREEK.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In a recent editorial note you say that "in this question of Greek, Amherst College finds itself brought up against a radical difficulty which must sooner or later be faced and solved. The point is whether this Christian age and generation can be dominated by the literature of a pagan age and nation. In other words, is it at all likely or is it proper that a literature which is pagan in its forms and ideals should be the only possible literature from which our youth can get their proper ideals of life and of culture? If there is anything in modern Christian ideals, then certainly the modern literatures imbued with Christian ideals, fostered in a Christian atmosphere, must be the proper kind of literature for the schools of this Christian age. This is undoubtedly what the movement away from the ancient literatures means, however much the movement may at times appear to be influenced by practical and material needs.

We are in great sympathy with Amherst College in its effort for a higher order of scholarship; for literary and scientific scholarship of great thoroughness. No doubt the scholarship of our institutions is suffering from certain weaknesses and lacks in earnestness and deep application. This, is, however, to be accounted for not by the substitution of the so-called modern subjects for those of the pagan languages and their literatures. It exists because colleges have gone astray on clubs and sports and so-called student interests, which destroy all true academic life whether in modern literatures or in science. Here applied science and mathematics have somewhat of an advantage, because men working in these lines have usually a pretty definite object in view, and are not so likely to be led astray as are the students who have not yet settled down to a definite course. This produces the appearance that all literary work and true education in culture and refinement are set aside for applied science.

At this point it may be observed that the pursuit of science is just as unselfish as is that of literature. In fact, there is quite as thorough an application to study for the sake of study in our professional schools as in our literary colleges. No doubt there is in this country, as in other countries, a tendency to hurry over fundamentals and to go on to the so-called practical, or at any rate to a kind of finish, however imperfect. This is true of mathematics and science and modern languages and their literatures as it is true of Latin and Greek. But we are beginning to see that students must master fundamentals thoroughly before they can be promoted to more advanced work, whatever that may be, either in the way of literary or scientific study. This is one thing, but it is quite another thing to assume that thoroughness is only reached by going back to the study of pagan literature. In this respect, Amherst College is retrogressive and will never succeed. It is of vastly more importance to us and to our students to know what the English, the Germans, and the French are now doing than what the Greeks and the Romans did in the past. These nations possess a civilization—a Christian civilization—far in advance of that possessed by the ancient nations. They will therefore almost wholly supply in the near future the material for all literary education in our schools and colleges and no amount of lecture courses can turn the course of events from the modern to the ancient literatures.

JEFFERSON E. KERSHNER.

Lancaster, Pa., July 12.

LEGAL ETHICS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The question whether an advocate should defend a person for a crime of which he knows or believes him to be guilty, is one which has been agitated for at least two centuries. The letter on it in your issue of July 6 from a Western gentleman I deem worthy of an answer. While I was personally opposed to the rule which was adopted by the American Bar Association on this subject, the general sentiment in favor of a code of ethics seemed to be so strong that it was felt its advocates should have a chance to present it to the Bar. My belief is that it would be much better to let many of the ethical rules which have been adopted rest as a species of common law to be interpreted by the best and prevailing sense of the profession.

At the outset, it is necessary to define clearly what is meant by a "knowledge or belief" of the guilt of the accused person. If the lawyer has personal knowledge of the crime, if he is present at, or sees, its commission, he is a witness, the same as any layman, and consequently would, for obvious reasons, be disqualified from acting as an advocate. He may also derive his knowledge of a crime from a voluntary confession made by his client. His mouth is closed even if he should wish to speak, because the law prevents him from disclosing information communicated to him in his professional capacity.

Should he continue to act as the advocate in such a case? Nothing can be gained by an endeavor to answer such hypothetical or supposititious questions. They depend largely upon the peculiar circumstances of each case, and must be conscientiously determined by the lawyer when they arise. It may be that there is a full, technical case against the accused, without his confession—which fact might influence the lawyer as to one course of conduct. On the other hand, there might be a defect in the technical proof against the defendant, which the confession would supply. Should the lawyer advise his client to plead guilty? Suppose he gave such advice and the client refused to follow it. I repeat that each case must be determined as it arises, in view of its peculiar circumstances.

What is generally meant when the question is asked if a lawyer should defend a person accused of crime whom he "knows or believes" to be guilty is, that such knowledge or belief is derived from sources which are open to everybody. No important criminal act is committed which is not quickly communicated to the public, and about which the community and lawyers in common do not promptly form an opinion. With an opinion of guilt derived from such sources of knowledge and belief, is a lawyer justified in defending the culprit?

I think there can be no grave doubt as to his complete right to do so. The court certainly can assign counsel to defend cases in which prisoners have none; and their duty, as officers of the court, would compel them to obey such orders. The right of the lawyer to defend persons accused of crime rests upon broad and well-grounded principles. There must necessarily exist in every community governed by law exact and clear definitions of crimes, as well as certain forms and rules for the trial of offenders. These are indispensable conditions to an intelligent and humane administration of criminal jurisprudence. A person accused of crime is entitled to demand that each and all of these conditions shall be satisfied before he is convicted.

While there is no doubt that, at times, the application and enforcement of these forms of criminal procedure prevent the conviction and punishment of guilty persons, yet upon their continuance and stability depends the very existence of social organization.

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A lawyer's right and duty are to demand that his client, charged with crime, shall be proceeded against in a legal and orderly manner, notwithstanding his own moral conviction of guilt. If the elements constituting the crime charged are lacking; if the forms of the law are not complied with, it is his duty to urge and demand the acquittal of his client. In doing this, he performs a double duty—one to the community, in preserving and upholding the forms of the law, and the other to his client.

No finer exhibition of his real duty to the State can be imagined than the position of the lawyer under such circumstances. The judge upon the bench is no more an officer than a lawyer. They differ only in their respective duties, and no judge could advocate the conviction of an accused where the legal proofs were deficient, simply because he had a moral belief that he was guilty.

I do not place the right of the lawyer to defend a client whom he believes to be guilty upon the ground that he cannot know that his client is guilty until his guilt has been officially and finally declared by the court and jury, because he often, in a sense, has a moral conviction of the guilt of his client, which he has derived through the ordinary channels of information. I put it upon the ground that he is an officer of the law, and that it is his duty to see that the forms of the law are carried out, irrespectively of knowledge or moral conviction.

The argument that the lawyer cannot know of the guilt of his client until he has been officially condemned, might be used with equal force by an accessory after the fact. Why could not every accessory after the fact declare, with the same reason as the lawyer, that he could not know a crime had been committed because the person whom he had assisted had not been adjudged judicially guilty?

An accessory after the fact is a person who knows a felony to have been committed, and who relieves, comforts, or assists the felon. And so strict is the law, where a felony is actually complete, in order to do effectual justice, that the nearest relations are not suffered to aid or relieve one another. If the parent assists his child, or the child the parent, if the brother receives the brother, the master his servant, or the servant his master, or even if the husband receives his wife, either of whom has committed a felony, the receiver becomes an accessory after the fact. A married woman, however, does not come within this rule, because she is presumed to act under the coercion of her husband.

We see, therefore, for the maintenance of society, with what strictness and severity the hand of the law is uplifted against those who aid, or shelter, or assist criminals to escape their just and necessary punishment. But this doctrine could not be extended to include the lawyer who defends those charged with crime, else the whole system of criminal law would be absolutely demolished.

If these views be correct, it should seem to follow that the lawyer's duty to defend a person in those cases where he has a belief, or a moral conviction, of the guilt of his clients, is clear. And the community cannot suffer, if he simply confines his efforts to demanding that the forms and rules of the law be carried out.

JOHN R. DOS PASSOS.

New York, July 11.

"STARRING" THE PLAY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Your editorial on our Chicago Theatre Society is most admirable and states quite clearly our general position. It is our plan to present the most unconventional and truthful comedy obtainable, but it is not easy to make up a programme. The plays we want are often not in the market, and others are so closely associated with the names of certain "stars" that their production by a repertory company such as ours is not advisable. The list which you mention is only tentative, but in so far as it expresses a preference for character drama, it is representative of our first season. *Shaw, Barker, Synge, Pinero, Thomas,* are of this classification, and while using Ibsen, you will observe, we take one of his most poetical pieces, and from "Giocoso" a "comedy." If we should add a few classical plays, they would also be comedies, like Goldoni's "Fan," Molière's "Upstart Gentleman," or Goldsmith's "Good-Natured Man."

Personally (and as the secretary of the society) I am more profoundly concerned with the question of how this organization can be of use to the American dramatist who wishes to write character plays without the "arm of coincidence." I hope we may be able to draw forth plays written from the heart, irrespective of the demands of a "star," and irrespective of the question of "the long run." We do not intend to read scenarios, but we do welcome finished plays that are written as a fine novel is written, closely, logically, and with pleasure in the writing.

It may be that we are mistaken, but we believe there are plays of this character already written (and, perhaps, thrice refused by managers who must consider their "stars"), and that a repertory stage would furnish a hearing for such pieces. It may be that we are being cheated of plays which would be a credit to our literature and a joy to the theatre-goer. Anyhow, that is my own belief. It cannot be true that we are so lacking in observation and invention as to be obliged to borrow all of our high-class comedy from the old world.

It is the intention of the Chicago Theatre Society to star the play and to honor the dramatist and to aid (in our small way, as the repertory theatres of England have done in their larger way) the development of a vivid, interesting, and native drama—plays which shall each be original and not imitative. I am aware that this will sound ambitious to some of your readers, and presumptuous to others, but I cannot agree, however deep my patriotic feeling, when I am told that "we are keeping our dramatic end up." We are, indeed, producing "money-makers" and "best sellers," but that does not always mean excellence of writing or originality of invention—if it did, there would be no need of a repertory theatre.

HAMLIN GARLAND.
Secretary Chicago Theatre Society.

The Cliff Dwellers, Chicago, July 14.

A HINDU ON THE BIBLE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Your reference in the *Nation* for July 6 to Baba Bharita's fling at the Ten Commandments as "nothing but childish prattle," leads me to call attention to a different estimate of our Bible by one of his countrymen, Sir Narayan Chandavarkar, B.A., LL.B., judge of the High Court, Bombay, and vice-chancellor of the University of Bombay. In an article in the *Times of India*, April 1, he said:

I have a faith and it is this. To understand clearly the best that is in our Hindu Scriptures, to enter fully into the spirit of their grand ideals and teachings, we must have the help of the Bible. A grand book is this—the Authorized Version of the English Bible. . . . At the same time let us not forget another translation of the Bible—the translation made by an English lady, mother of a pious son. Asked which of the different published translations of the Bible—Jerome's Vulgate, Luther's German Bible, the Authorized Version, and the Revised Version—this son preferred, he replied: "I prefer my mother's translation." "What is that?" The boy answered: "My mother has translated the Bible and translated it straight, too. Her every day life is a translation of God's word."

JAMES M. HUBBARD.

Bread Loaf, Vt., July 8.

A READING IN BYRON.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The word "strike," in "Don Juan," III, ciii, about which Mr. Chew inquires (*Nation*, June 29), is, perhaps, from the famous saying of Themistocles: "Strike, but hear me." If we take the phrase "a pictured image" to be a thrust at Mariolatry, the exclamation follows naturally enough.

FRED NEWTON SCOTT.

University of Michigan, July 3.

HAYM SALOMON.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In a letter printed in the *Nation* of June 29, Mr. Worthington C. Ford exclaims against the discovery of Haym Salomon as a hero of the Revolution. In John Fiske's "The Dutch and Quaker Settlements," Volume II, he will find the following passage:

The name of Haym Salomon, a very wealthy Polish Jew, deserves to be coupled with that of Robert Morris for the financial aid which he extended to Congress during the War of Independence. Mr. Salomon advanced to the United States nearly $700,000, not a cent of which was ever repaid.

E. SCHRADER.

Macklin, Sask., July 8.

UNITED STATES CUSTOMS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In your issue of June 29 you say: "In levying an income tax, for example, it would be a most vicious plan to exempt incomes below $2,000, say, and then in cases of incomes above that amount to tax the whole income." Manifestly the same principle does not obtain in the United States customs. Last July I crossed the Mexican border into the United States from Tia Juana. The customs regulations allow a citizen to bring back with him from Mexico goods to the liberal amount of one dollar. I purchased a *serape* for $1.72, upon which

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I paid 40 per cent. *ad valorem* and 33 cents a pound for the two pounds of wool it was supposed to contain, a total import tax of $1.36, even the generous exemption of one dollar not being allowed. I sometimes wonder whether I was "done" by the collector or by this great and glorious government.

CHARLES E. ST. JOHN.

Mount Wilson Solar Observatory, Pasadena, Cal., July 4.

Literature

RUSSELL OF THE "TIMES."

The Life of Sir William Howard Russell, C.V.O., LL.D., the First Special Correspondent. By John Black Atkins. With portraits and illustrations. In two volumes. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $10 net.

In the early summer of 1854 William Howard Russell, *Times* correspondent with the Crimean army, wrote privately from Varna to his chief, Delane:

> Part of one division . . . has got no tents. There is no beef for the men for the last three days, only mutton, which the doctors say will bring on dysentery. Just imagine this: the sappers and miners sent out to Bajuk to survey do so in full dress, as their undress clothes were not ready when they left. Am I to tell these things, or hold my tongue?

The question was merely rhetorical. Russell had no idea of holding his tongue. For months and all through the dreadful winter before Sebastopol Russell exposed the suffering of an army that without proper food, clothing, or hospital service was rapidly melting away. Such letters hit great folk both in the field and in the War Office, and it looked as if the rash young Irishman were writing the ground from under his feet. Remember that he had no status. Clothed in some odd semblance of a sutler's uniform, housed by tolerance outside the camps, without right of access to headquarters or privilege of drawing rations, the *Times* correspondent was regarded merely as a camp follower with the additional disability of being cordially hated by most of the officers high in command. Even to hold that position required nerves of iron, to improve it all the adroitness of one of the most accomplished gentlemen of his race and time. Gradually the regimental officers learned what the men had readily grasped from the outset that this big jolly critic of the army was really pleading their cause. Russell's various tents and huts on the Crimean plateau became so many centres of good fellowship, and incidentally of news. Then, although he was always tediously writing about blankets and greatcoats and tents and rations, he had also become the faithful recorder of the Alma and Inkermann, of Balaklava and the storming of the Redan. So in the face of bitter opposition amounting sometimes to persecution Russell made his position good. Parliament and the country confirmed his criticism by turning out Lord Aberdeen's Ministry, the army admitted that he had saved it from virtual annihilation, a verdict ratified by all historians of the Crimean War.

Russell's antecedents hardly account for such an achievement, though the mixture of Protestant and Catholic Irish blood in his veins must count for something. A fox-hunting and thriftless grandfather had taught the orphaned lad the valuable accomplishments of tilting his glass and singing his song. From Trinity College, Dublin, he gained the education of a gentleman, but oddly enough, made no lasting friendships at this time. While hesitating as to his profession, in his twenty-first year, 1841, there came to him the opportunity of reporting the Irish elections for the *Times*. He grasped at the chance, and proceeded not to the balloting place, but, remembering it was an Irish election, to the hospital, whence he wrote a vivid letter that was the subject of a leader. His services during these stormy elections commended him to the office, and when Russell went to London, ostensibly to read law, a place was made for him in that nursery of talent, the Press Gallery of Parliament. For a dozen years Russell sold his pen as he might, styling himself frankly a "mercenary." For the *Times* he reported Daniel O'Connell's trial, and after a trying journey back with his letter had the chagrin of telling the verdict to a bystander, supposedly a colleague, before the very door of the *Times* office. It was, in fact, an astute reporter of the *Morning Herald* which naturally got the "beat." Through all his career Russell occasionally committed glaring blunders of this type. It was a necessary part of what Charles Lever called his "Irishry." For a time the *Morning Chronicle* and the *Daily News* engaged his pen, but he always returned to his first master, the *Times*. For a brief space in 1850 he accompanied the Schlesswig-Holstein army in the revolt against Denmark, but his few letters from the field gave small indication of the Russell that was to be. In fact, his work was of the most general sort. Now he reported the potato famine in Ireland, now followed Kossuth; witnessed the funeral of the Duke of Wellington or the trial of the famous murderer Rush. Meanwhile his young wife had borne him two daughters, and he had become a member of those two convivial companies that Thackeray had gathered round himself in the Garrick and the Fielding clubs. Russell had become a man about town, with the corresponding expenses, and in 1853, being thirty-three years old, he ruefully sets down in his diary the fact that his income from the *Times*, together with his Dublin and Brussels correspondence, comes to barely £600 a year. It was at this time that Delane made him a handsome offer to go with the Guards to Malta, assuring him that it was a question only of a winter holiday, and that he should be back soon to his law practice. What began as a winter holiday is now written indelibly into the military history of England. Russell, who had left as an agreeable novice in Thackeray's set, returned from the Crimea one of the most famous men of the day, with every journalistic and social door ajar for him.

For a matter of two years, Dr. Russell—his own college gave him an LL.D. in 1855—served the *Times* in various capacities, reporting the coronation of the Czar Alexander II and revisiting the Crimea, but, in the main, repleted a shrinking family budget by lecturing. In the nearly forty years of active service remaining to him, he was somewhat under the disadvantage of seeming to repeat his Crimean exploits on a smaller scale. And yet to many readers, and we think to all journalists, his correspondence from India during the mutiny will seem the high-water mark of special correspondence and of Russell's career. Never were such opportunities, and never were they better used. Whereas Lord Raglan, in the Crimea, had never exchanged a word with the *Times* correspondent, Sir Colin Campbell offered him a permanent place at his table—a privilege prudently declined—and made the following remarkable compact:

> You shall know everything that is going on. You shall know all my reports and get every information that I have myself, on the condition that you do not mention it in camp or let it be known in any way, except in your letters to England.

What the Commander-in-Chief for India thought of Russell personally and of the frequent charge that the Crimean letters had given aid to the enemy is sufficiently implied in this incident.

Havelock and the epic days of the first reliefs had already passed before Russell came to India. His task was less the reporting of campaigns than the ascertainment of facts of national feeling. In especial, he studied the policy of reprisals and the legends of mutilation of European victims of massacre. Here he did much to recall to reason and humanity a public opinion frenzied beyond belief. In his *Times* correspondence, and more strikingly in two private letters to Delane, he exposed with statesmanlike clearness the permanent difficulties of the Indian situation. Scorn of the darker skin was the original and enduring evil. The English official, for the native a terribly expensive luxury, soon forgets "the principles of his life, the rules of his religion, and the feelings of his civilization; he regards rebellion or insurrection not as a political offence, but as a blasphemy or sac-

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rilege of ineffable magnitude committed against the Deity, whom he vicariously and imperfectly represents." Again Russell points out the danger of disregarding native customs and sentiments. We have disarmed the country, he writes, "but against the silent, steady action of the antipathy of nearly two hundred millions of people, once fairly excited, no power can stand." These two confidential letters to Delane contain a complete moral summary of the Indian question, and are as applicable to-day as they were when written fifty years ago. Russell went back to England determined to quit the field. He had spent himself too freely, and on sailing he wrote to an Indian friend,

> I go home to a sick wife, carrying from India no very pleasant memories, a damaged reputation, great popular enmity—the only Englishman, I believe, who ever left India poorer than when he came into it—with nothing to cheer me save the conviction that I did my duty according to the light that was vouchsafed to me.

Delane tried to send him to the Italian war, suggesting that for recuperation Lombardy was next best to Switzerland. Refusing, Russell tried his hand at leader-writing for the *Thunderer*, an ungrateful task, at which he succeeded but fairly well. One divines in his autobiographical notes the armed truce that exists in every newspaper office between the men of news and the men of views; how subtly their relations are tinctured with affection, admiration, and profound mutual mistrust. And naturally, since nobody so well knows the fallibility of news as he who daily converts it into opinion, whereas no one so clearly perceives the shifts and dodges of the manufacture of opinion as the confederate newswriter. It was Thackeray who warned Russell: "Don't wrap yourself up in *Times* foolscap . . . Try work for yourself." Circumstances never quite permitted Russell to do that. Yet when, in 1850, he founded the *Army and Navy Gazette*, an enterprise which occupied him for a matter of forty years, it looked like a divorce from the *Times*. The failing health of his wife again was a strong argument for keeping to London. But after a year, during which he was a contributing reviewer under Delane's stern tutelage, the *Times* reënlisted its famous correspondent and sent him to study conditions in the apparently disintegrating United States. If any serious correspondent were asked to tell his most habitual and deepest grief, he would certainly answer, "The gross misinterpretation in the editorial office of news laboriously gathered in the field." Russell in America was to drink this cup to the dregs. His letters from the South showed plainly the moral, physical, and functional weakness of the Confederate cause. His letters from Washington revealed the fundamental rightness and strength of the Union forces under momentary panic and reverse, but as these clear and persuasive letters were printing the *Times* actually passed from a fairly neutral to a doggedly pro-Southern position. So far as Russell was concerned, the whole American adventure was ill-omened. His honest account of the rout at Bull Run made him generally odious, an indiscreet dispatch to "Sam" Ward, after the Trent affair, made his position untenable. One can hardly pardon that "Irishry" which banished from American soil at the outset of the civil war the one pen in the world that was most likely to record the struggle with breadth, fairness, and vividness. Imagine Russell at Antietam and Gettysburg, and one may faintly realize the cost of that jocose dispatch to "Uncle Sam" Ward. Upon it the grim Delane made the fitting comment: "Remember that of all the weaknesses poor mankind is cursed with, good nature is the most dangerous." The *Times* soothed Russell's chagrin by alloting him a life pension, and he wrote proudly in his diary after Appomatox: "Had the *Times* followed my advice, how different our position would be—not only that of the leading journal, but of England. If ever I did state service, it was in my letters from America."

He was yet to see three wars. In the brief Austro-Prussian campaign he joined the staff of the unfortunate Benedek just after Sadowa and witnessed the second defeat of Olmütz. His praise of the Prussian needle-gun was quoted in Parliamentary debates. During the Franco-Prussian war, he enjoyed unique privileges at the German headquarters, acquired the confidence of the Crown Prince, Friedrich, and had the distinction of breaking even with Bismarck on an issue of veracity. The final act of the tragedy at Versailles and the investiture of the Emperor were recorded by Russell. His prominence at this time engaged the satirical vein of Matthew Arnold, who in the "Arminius Letters" describes "Dr. Russell of the *Times*" preparing to mount his war horse: "You know the sort of thing—he has described it himself over and over again. Bismarck at his horse's head, the Crown Prince holding his stirrup, and the old King of Prussia hoisting Russell into the saddle." It was the first time that a newspaper correspondent had incurred such ridicule, and the last time, perhaps, that the facts fairly justified the burlesque. In his sixtieth year, Russell again took the field with Sir Garnett Wolseley in the Zulu war. The *Times* had declined the services of the veteran correspondent and the *Telegraph* jumped at the chance. Russell characteristically became a keen critic of the conduct of the troops, and a champion of the South African blacks. The Imperialistic way of reckoning without the subject races always revolted him, alike for its impiety and its political folly.

But aside from his editorship of the *Army and Navy Gazette*, Russell had for some time been drifting away from militant journalism. When, in 1875, he became a member of the Prince of Wales's household for the Indian trip, Russell's colleagues generally professed to regard the act as a derogation. In fact Russell's long association with "the Prince of Wales set" may seem to require an apology. Yet it is hard to believe either that the hero of the Crimea finished as a snob, or that any of his more critical colleagues would have regarded a royal invitation as less than a command. Of the affection entertained for him by the Prince and his intimates, the letters published by Russell's biographer leave no doubt. In candor any blame or any defence of Russell as a favorite of Prince Albert Edward, implies a preliminary criticism of the "Prince of Wales set." That is a theme to attract an old-fashioned historian with a penchant for portraiture, but as yet the materials are not available nor the fitting hour struck. It is enough to say that what Russell did most Englishmen in his position would have been more than delighted to do. A widower of sociable parts gradually withdrawing from the most exacting of literary employments might have done much worse than become *raconteur* at large for a circle that whatever its defects knew very well when it was being amused.

By a distinguished second marriage in 1883, Russell confirmed the social triumphs he had won single-handed. His own university had made him a doctor after the Crimea, but it was not till 1893 that he was honored with knighthood. Official England forgot very slowly the worst scoring it had ever received. He lingered on, a genial and venerable apparition, until 1907, dying in his eighty-seventh year.

We have omitted certain minor activities that fall between literature and press agency. Russell wrote a novel, a belated imitation of Lever's rollicking vein; visited the nitrate fields of Chili, crossed the Atlantic on a cable steamer, toured the Canadian West. Books in every case resulted, and his bibliography, including pamphlets, runs to eighteen numbers. These *parerga* are significant, because they show how little war correspondence can be a career and suggest the enforced, desultory intervals of that militant occupation. John Black Atkins, himself a special correspondent of high repute, has gone most elaborately into all the details of Russell's avocations, using skilfully diaries and the fragments of an autobiography. For this fulness he apologizes on the ground that Russell's private correspondence with the *Times* constitutes a unique record of the relations of a

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correspondent in the field with the home office. Whether any one but a journalist will fully appreciate this display is doubtful. An initiate cannot fail to enjoy the revelation of what may be called the temperamental element under the apparent objectivity of the *Times*. Here is Delane, a martinet, to be sure, but with many of the caprices and most of the prejudices of the educated Briton. Against Russell's admonitions from the field, he fails to see how the French can lose. Mowbray Morris, too, is delightfully considerate of his erratic correspondent. The whole office clearly regarded Russell as an *enfant terrible*, felt that he needed their loyalty and accorded it unstintedly. And to the credit of the *Times*, it should be recorded that for a generation, its greatest correspondent was unhampered though generally in disagreement with the editorial policy. The whole intimate correspondence suggests once more most vividly how much the normal condition of an influential newspaper office is that of an armed truce.

The master quality of Russell's mind was unmistakably sympathy for oppressed or neglected people. It is as if something had rubbed off in contact with his old foe, Daniel O'Connell. Whether it was the British private shivering or starving in the Crimea, the black slave in the American South, the Hindu overtaxed for the maintenance of a hated rule, the Zulu suddenly deprived of his customs and his King, Russell's sympathy flew to the rescue of the under dog, and his ridicule was ever ready for the growing superstition that Britain had been invested by God himself with a universal vicegerency over tinted helpless races. On the literary side, Russell had the modicum of rhetoric that befitted his calling. The vigor of strong feeling and keen vision his style seldom lacks, but he never sought or attained that surplus eloquence which has been the aim of much recent journalism. He launched but one phrase that has lived. It is the "thin red line" of Highlanders at Balaklava that held the Russian cavalry, and Russell proceeded to weaken his phrase by adding "tipped with steel." No stylist could have let this stand. Before Russell was an old man the telegraph had revolutionized and demoralized war correspondence. Over and over again, during the Franco-Prussian war, Archibald Forbes, writing for the *Daily News*, beat the *Times*. The case seemed unaccountable until Russell learned that it was merely a new dodge which was unhappily to become a precedent. Forbes got, in confidence, early notice of the plans of battles, and stored his home office with advance information as to positions and probable movements. Thus the marvellous dispatches of the *News* were chiefly an ingenious manner of prophecy. People little realize how much news "from the spot" is really *ante eventum*, nor yet how destructive of real journalism such competitive window-dressing has come to be. Nor is it generally understood how far the cheapening of the quality of news is due to the telegraph. From the Crimea Russell sent just one telegraphic dispatch, a brief note of the fall of Sebastopol, and when he complained of the difficulties of writing at the front, the office told him to take his time. It is safe to say that such advice rarely comes from any newspaper office to-day. The quantitative demand is imperative, and quality has to take care of itself. Russell frequently remarked that, as he had been the first, so he would be the last war correspondent. Battles, he felt, had outgrown the possibilities of record by a single intelligence. "The front" had become the least favorable point for observation. The hurry of telegraphic reporting made any worthy or deliberate record impossible. By and large this view is true. So far as following the strategy of the great Manchurian battles was concerned, an editor at New York or London was in a much better position than a correspondent in the trenches before Mukden. The exceptional conditions of the Nile campaign gave Steevens his opportunity for writing something that was literature without quite ceasing to become news; the skirmishing before Santiago elicited a certain amount of perfervid writing that may or may not have been literature, but certainly was not news in the broader military sense. In fact, the high-powered rifle and consequent extension of the terrain have reduced the possibilities of war correspondence to an ingenious impressionism frankly based on the most fragmentary observation. Mr. Atkins, who well knows the game, is satisfied that a reform is necessary. His suggestion is no less radical than to deny the telegraph to newspaper correspondents, and let the public have only such official dispatches as the home authorities give out. Such a course would put an end to an immense pretence, and would relieve the serious correspondent of conditions that almost force him into abject charlatanry.

It is interesting to remark in conclusion that Russell went unwillingly on nearly all his important missions. The glamour that is shed about his profession did not exist for him. A firm sense of duty drew him into what, superficially considered, looked like so many gorgeous adventures. In his character was an Aristotelian and most fascinating blend of opposites. To the volatility of the Irishman he added the Briton's sturdy desire for truth. He prophetically saw the folly of British Russophobia and Gallophobia, and yet mishandled his own personal controversies with boyish nonchalance. With the ease of the convivial worldling he combined a dose of the *sæva indignatio* of the reformer. In a fine sense he was all things to all men, and yet very much himself. Of the Victorian mood, which preëminently was that of mediation of apparently incompatible excellencies, he is a superbly typical example. Through a long life he managed to carry the principles of a Liberal alongside the instincts of a Tory, and that seems almost the recipe for a lovable and livable nature.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Corner of Harley Street. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

The anonymous writer of these thirty letters belongs to the tribe of E. V. Lucas in his gentle reflectiveness, his literary good breeding, and his humane attitude. But he goes deeper than that other delightful writer in touching on a score of life's real problems rather than on its pleasantnesses and pleasantries. He figures as a doctor writing familiarly to old friends and young, to son and daughter and cousin and aunt. A slender thread of story appears in some of the letters; in all a clear reflection of the persons addressed. But the real and rare charm of the book is the doctor himself, with his grasp of the soul of things. He is an experienced physician who believes in God, in man, in boys and girls, in trout-fishing and cricket, in pictures, if not too abandoned to technique; in novels, if not too flimsy. To read his letters is almost to feel a premium laid on needing advice, so wise and genial are his counsels and affections. Did one know him, he might well become, as Henry James said of Lowell as a public speaker, "a convenience which tended to multiply occasions." To be admonished by Dr. Peter Harding, always premising a taste for leisurely, even discursive, admonition, would amply repay dilemma. It is not to be inferred that advice is all the book. The self-revelation of a charming personality, as full of humor as of sagacity, is brought about. The reader makes a new friend and is left with the not too often vouchsafed sense of an hour spent in the best company.

Dawn O'Hara: The Girl Who Laughed. By Edna Ferber. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co.

Sprightly is the word for this tale of the adventures of a newspaper woman. Dawn is, to be sure, a far less inane young person than the colored frontispiece declares her, but her humor (and she is determined to be humorous) is of the "smarty" type—a little tiresome in the long run, unless to the ear of extreme youth. She is an Irish-American girl, who, at twenty, is making a living with her little "human interest" stories in the office of a bustling New

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York newspaper. There she meets and marries a brilliant and dissolute newspaper writer named Peter Orme. He smokes expensive gold-tipped cigarettes, and has strange smouldering eyes, and easily wins the fair Dawn, who admires such things. But he is on the road to the gutter before he marries her, and presently drinks himself into Bedlam. Remains Dawn O'Hara Orme, alone but not free. For years she supports herself and her wreck of a husband. Finally she breaks down. Here is the natural turning-point: she falls into the hands of a great nerve-specialist, an imported German, and finds in him a second and kindlier fate. But there are excursions and alarums before the happy issue is permitted. Orme turns up, more or less cured, and the author is constrained to smash him up in a motor car in order to get him permanently out of the way. But the story will appeal to the reader or not according as he has stomach for the immitigable sprightliness of the girl who laughed.

Down Our Street: A Provincial Comedy. By J. E. Buckrose. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The word comedy for once escapes being taken in vain, in the sub-title of this delightful book. It is a Cranford sort of book, though it is not to be numbered among the countless imitations of that blameless classic. Its unconquerable Mrs. Bean reminds one vaguely of our Mrs. Wiggs of recent memory. But she is a richer, ampler figure. The atmosphere in which she moves is blander if less bracing than that of the Cabbage Patch. Cranford is certainly not very far away from Our Street. It is, speaking brutally, a street of middle-class shabby gentility. Its little society is a mass of petty impostures. It has its snobs and its gossips, its mean ways of going about its small business. But it has its generosities and its magnanimities also:

Two rows of dull houses—some grimy trees—
That's all the eye of the stranger sees,
But the heart that goes there is sure to meet
Love, Pity, and Happiness down our street.

So reads the motto of the book, on title-page and cover; and the promise it makes is fulfilled—more than fulfilled, since the writer's prose is vastly superior to her verse. Confessedly, this is a work of sentiment, but the verge of sentimentality is never passed.

The two leading figures are Sophia Watson, a girl in the first flush of healthy youth, and Mrs. Bean, incorrigibly young, in spite of small means and sizable causes for worry. Mr. Bean "travels in butter," and with a passion for solvency is always on the edge of debt. He is an outwardly matter-of-fact husband, with a deep underlying devotion for his wife and children. But Mrs. Bean is the great soul, the only dweller on Our Street who is not swayed by convention. Consequently she is made use of and more or less sniffed at by her conventional neighbors. Not until her life is threatened does the street understand her importance. Indeed, with all her absurdities, she is the life of the neighborhood, a queen in her own right, a rare and original figure in current fiction. We extend our homage.

PROBLEMS OF THE NEW TESTAMENT.

Introduction to the Literature of the New Testament. By James Moffatt. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

The eminent Scottish divine, to whom the editor of the International Theological Library has assigned the task of doing for the literature of the New Testament what Canon Driver has done with notable success for the literature of the Old Testament, brings to his theme a trained literary sense, an accurate knowledge of the life and literature of the period in which the documents now known as the New Testament arose, and an astonishingly wide acquaintance with the opinion of other scholars. Freed from the necessity of considering the canon and text, he devotes the space thus saved to historical tables illustrating the setting of Jewish, Christian, and pagan literature from the Septuagint to Ambrose and Theodore; and to a remarkably interesting Prolegomena in which among other things are discussed the influence upon the New Testament of Jewish literature, canonical and other, and some of the literary forms, such as the diatribe, homily, pastoral, letter, and apocalypse. After the Prolegomena, come five chapters: (1) The Correspondence of Paul; (2) The Historical Literature (in which the problems of the Synoptic Gospels and Acts are treated); (3) Homilies and Pastorals (including First Peter and Jude and Second Peter, Ephesians and Pastorals, Hebrews and James, Second and Third John); (4) The Apocalypse of John; (5) The Fourth Gospel, a Johannine Tract (First John), and the Johannine Tradition.

The conclusions reached agree in the main with those of Holtzmann, Jülicher, McGiffert, and Bacon, as the following brief summary will indicate: From the ancient canon of fourteen epistles of Paul not only are Hebrews and Pastorals excluded, but also Ephesians. The epistle to the Hebrews is a homily in epistolary form written to a household church of Gentile Christians in Rome during the reign of Domitian. In agreeing with Origen that the author is unknown, Dr. Moffatt foregoes "reluctantly the romance which the hypothesis [of Harnack and Harris, that Prisca is the author] would introduce into the primitive Christian tradition." Concerning the Pastoral Epistles he concludes that, although in their present form they are not earlier than the days of Trajan, there may be traces of Pauline notes in Second Timothy and Titus. The exclusion of Ephesians from the Pauline corpus (like the stout defence of the North-Galatian theory) comes as a surprise. Although the turns of thought characteristic of the religious experience of Paul are used in Ephesians with an accuracy of touch which was impossible for the author of the Pastorals to copy; and although the literary relation of Ephesians to Colossians creates less difficulty than that of Second to First Thessalonians (both of which in this volume are held to be Pauline); nevertheless, Dr. Moffatt regards the Epistle to the Ephesians, or, rather, homily in epistolary form, as a "Catholicized version of Colossians" written in the eighties to Gentile Christians, or, as he puts it elsewhere, "as a set of variations played by a master hand upon one or two themes suggested by Colossians." While it is true, as he avers, that the "synoptic problem is enough to show that the deliberate employment of a source was not incompatible with original work on the part of an early Christian writer," it is also to be remembered that the personality of the author, let us say, of the Third Gospel and Acts (who to Dr. Moffatt is Luke the beloved physician) is as different from the personalities behind the sources which he incorporates as the personality of the author of Ephesians is like that of Colossians. With due allowance here and there in Ephesians for traces of later ecclesiastical recension, it will appear to many, as to McGiffert and Bacon, that it is not simply a master hand that plays in Ephesians, but the master hand of Paul.

In his presentation of the Synoptic Problem, the Scottish divine steers a canny course through the waters of recent investigation; and though he accepts the prevailing opinion that the canonical Mark virtually as we have it now and Q (a collection mainly of utterances of Jesus almost identical with the Logia of Matthew, of which Papias speaks) are the two chief literary sources employed by the first and third Evangelists, he looks with suspicion upon the attempts to define with precision the order and extent of Q (some sixteen reconstructions are analyzed), or of the Petrine material in Mark. Furthermore, he is convinced that oral tradition is an important factor in the solution of the problem, and is unwilling to concede that the early verses of Mark betray a knowledge of Q, as if Q had a monopoly of the sayings of Jesus; or that, to explain the special material in Luke, it is necessary to postulate with

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B. Weiss a single literary document accessible to Luke only. As to the dates, he concurs with the majority of scholars in holding that while the sources of the Synoptics are Palestinian and, in part, contemporary with Paul, the Gospels themselves are Gentile products, Mark being written about 70 A. D., Matthew before 90, and Luke somewhat later than Matthew, but before Acts, which last, since it shows acquaintance with Josephus, belongs at the end of the first century.

Passing by the conclusion that Peter with the help of Silvanus wrote First Peter, but that Jude and Second Peter and James are second century documents, we come to the last chapter, the Johannine Writings. In his findings at this point, Dr. Moffatt is essentially at one with recent German and New Haven tendency in affirming that Papias is correctly interpreted as implying that John the son of Zebedee was never in Ephesus and that consequently Irenæus has mistaken the only Ephesian John we know, the Presbyter, for the Galilean fisherman. Since, however, the Johannine writings betray an Ephesian origin, and since the name John of the Apocalypse, like the Hermas of the Shepherd, is not fictitious (as is usually true of Jewish and Christian apocalypses), it is easy to assign the Revelation of John to the Presbyter, and Second and Third John as well; for in both these notes "the presbyter" is mentioned. Literary criticism, however, makes it necessary to ascribe the tract known as First John to another author, and the Fourth Gospel, which is an interpretation of the life of Christ influenced by ideas drawn from Paul, Philo, and Stoicism, but not devoid of historical value, to still another author. Dr. Moffatt endeavors to establish some connection between the Gospel and First Epistle by the hypothesis that the author of the latter in the early second century edited the Gospel and added chapter xxi; and still further helps tradition by admitting the probability that John the beloved disciple may have been the original authority for some of the special traditions of the Gospel, both as to sayings and, to a lesser extent, deeds of Jesus.

In this extraordinarily learned work, Dr. Moffatt has given a compendium of more or less recent opinion which is without rival in any language, and at the same time has succeeded in indicating with fair-mindedness what conclusions of modern critical scholarship are entitled to be regarded as either certain or probable. In this respect, the student for whom our author writes has at his disposal an indispensable treatise. The defect, if there is a defect, lies not in scholarship, for that is sound and comprehensive, not in judgment, for that is well-poised and wonderfully convincing, but in the realm of pedagogy. It is difficult to escape the impression that many a student, in searching for the author's positive positions, will be bewildered by the constant reference to the opinions of others, and will grow impatient now and then because the author, instead of supplying the evidence in detail from the sources, states his own conclusions rather summarily, referring the student to literature not always easily accessible to him. This defect, if it is a defect, does not prevent the reviewer from commending the work as the best in English from the critical point of view. It is indeed an independent Holtzmann in English, revised and brought up to date.

The History of Trade Unionism. By Sidney and Beatrice Webb. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $2.60 net.

This work, which was first published in 1894, has reached its tenth edition in 1911. No attempt has been made to bring the history down to the present day, a new introductory chapter of fifty-one pages embodying most of the fresh matter which the authors have seen fit to present. About half of this new chapter is given to a discussion of the Lords' decision in the Osborne case in 1909. Osborne, a member of the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants, was sustained in his effort to restrain that trade union from making a levy on its members, and from using any of its funds, for the purpose of supporting the Labor party or paying members of Parliament. This judgment is denounced by the authors of "Trade Unionism," who strive by arguments not lacking in shrewdness to prove it a *reductio ad absurdum.*

The seriousness of the Osborne decision, from the point of view of existing trade unionism, lends an importance to this new edition quite apart from that which attaches to the reprint of a work whose value has been widely recognized for many years. The judgment of the House of Lords, declare the Webbs, virtually tore up what had, since 1871, been universally understood to be the legal constitution of a trade union. "It is not commonly realized—certainly the six judges did not realize—how extensive and how varied are the actually existing operations of trade unions that are now rendered illegal." The Law Lords have decided that all trade unions must now be deemed corporate bodies, formed under statute, thereby bringing them under the principle of English law, that a body corporate, created under statute, cannot lawfully do anything outside the purposes for which the statute has incorporated it. Briefly, trade unionism has run up against the doctrine of *ultra vires* with a resounding crash, the result being a bad wreckage of its hopes. The expectation of the Webbs is that Parliament will come to the rescue of the trade unions, though they do not venture to predict what form the legislation will take. Their hope is, however, that opportunity will be taken to put the whole position of trade unionism on a satisfactory basis—to do, in fact, for trade unions what the Companies Act did for joint stock companies.

The last half of their new introductory chapter is concerned with facts and figures relative to the growth of trade unions, and with a discussion of some of the later problems that have confronted the unions. It is sufficient to add that all who have made the acquaintance of this work in its earlier editions will find themselves repaid for the study they may give to this 1911 edition.

A Paradise in Portugal. By Mark Sale. New York: Baker & Taylor Co. $1 net.

Students of social pathology may be interested in these autobiographical divulgements. The author, a woman who writes under a pen name, belongs to a class which is more numerous and more clearly differentiated in England than in the United States—the leisure class of narrowly limited means. This species of economic parasite, while exhibiting in a high degree all those delicate qualities of mind and heart that are the product of refinement and cultivation, retains no more than a vestige of the basic instinct of self-preservation. It knows but one way of meeting financial difficulty, namely to cut down expenses, and will die in blessed martyrdom rather than work with its hands. Such, with the added disability of poor health, are "The Philosopher" and his wife who were driven, by the loss of their modest competence, to seek an asylum in rural Portugal. Here where the problem of subsistence is reduced to its lowest terms, they figure that they "can live a couple of years" on their remnant of this world's goods, with a fair measure of tranquility and æsthetic satisfaction. "Our daily needs were of the simplest; and for occupation, The Philosopher painted, while I wrote," explains the guileless chronicler. In her opening chapters, the marvellous cheapness of food, rent, and service, the picturesque features of native life and scenery, and the mildly salubrious climate of the region are felicitously celebrated. Her appreciation of new landscapes and southern weather-moods is worthy of the "world-citizen" she claims to be; her vocabulary, however, remains that of the English exile.

> A most fair land! A land of pines and oaks and eucalyptus; of an infinite wealth of bracken, golden gorse and purple heather; of tiny fields of tall, green, ribbony maize; of lowly homesteads, nestling in the very heart of nature; of gorges, of streamlets, and crags of warm red earth, where mica glitters among the stones.

The avowed desire to "take the read-

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er into my confidence" is indulged to the fullest extent; even the details of a carefully worked out vegetarian dietary are disclosed. In spite of this Thoreau-like combination of topics, occasional references to "our Walden" seem peculiarly inapt, that epithet being scarcely applicable to any ménage that does not rest on a sound economic basis. The shrewd Yankee calculation that balanced a minimum of productive labor by a Spartan frugality has certainly nothing in common with the spurious economy that combines a minimum of present comfort with the prospect of ultimate privation.

Later in the book, there is some turning over of extremely temperate opinions on political theory, religion, and the woman question; and other passages of more original interest are contributed from memory and introspection. The approaching end of the allotted two years is faced with suppressed uneasiness, and the evil case thus plainly stated:

> Unfitted by temperament, by health, by custom, to barter and wrangle and fight in the world's market-place, there is no possibility left for people such as we when money is gone . . . Better . . . to pass out in silence now, rather than to linger on, losing courage, dignity, independence—perhaps, even coming to accept a grudging charity.

The publication of the book encourages us to hope that these two gentle souls may yet be finding existence supportable. At the same time, we are bound to confess that we emerged from the enervating atmosphere of this "Paradise" with a renewed respect for hard heads and horny hands. Any banality about the dignity of labor would be positively refreshing after contact with a spiritual flabbiness that can contemplate letting life itself go by default and justify its quiescence in the names of Philosophy and Art. Moreover, we fear that the pathos of the spectacle is apt to be lost upon readers in America, where, as a last resort, one might even scratch a living out of the soil without sacrifice of "courage, dignity, or independence."

Ferdinand Lassalle. By George Brandes. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2 net.

It is thirty years since this work first appeared in book form, and thirty-seven since its publication in instalments began in the *Nineteenth Century.* It might seem, therefore, a work of supererogation to make extended comment on it at this time. Yet a generation is a long time in this crowded age of humanity, as is attested by the fact that Lassalle is now but a name to a vast majority of the class of which he posed as advocate, and even to the larger part of those who bring a fairly ripened intellect to bear upon social and economic problems. His work unquestionably lives after him, but a knowledge of the personality from which his great and lasting influence sprang, is, it is safe to assert, confined to relatively few.

And yet it was a personality of which the civilized world cannot afford to-day to be ignorant. The belief, so prevalent a quarter of a century ago, that no problem of real importance to the human race can properly be solved except by an appeal from metaphysics to history has lost some of its hold in these latter days. If this new edition of Mr. Brandes's "Ferdinand Lassalle" counteracts this tendency in any measure, the world will be indebted to him and to his publishers.

Lassalle's motives were hotly debated during his life, and even Mr. Brandes, who, while not blind to the man's faults, has nevertheless a genuine admiration for his spirit, does not succeed wholly in persuading us that fundamentally he rings true. It is hard to find for the bundle of contradictions of which he was mentally and morally compounded, the unqualified respect one instinctively feels for the calm, philosophic, and dispassionate temperament of Rodbertus, or for the inexorable intellect and flawless courage of Karl Marx. Lassalle, to a far greater extent than either Rodbertus or Marx, represented the spectacular in the agitation for social betterment of the mid-nineteenth century. That he was a person of great determination is beyond doubt; but whether that determination was exercised primarily in the interest of Ferdinand Lassalle or of the proletariat is a question which, for not a few, still remains unanswered.

It has been rather inaptly declared that Marx, with "Das Kapital," furnished Socialism its Bible. Never, however, was there a Bible more difficult to be understood: it is not for ordinary minds. Lassalle's words, on the contrary, were words of wit, if not always of wisdom. His mind was equal to the hardest intellectual effort, but his speech easily took on grandiosity and pomposity, and he was one who, if we may attach importance to a sly hint of Bismarck's, delighted in nothing more than to hear himself talk.

And yet Marx, who preached economic revolution with a courage that commands our respect, with historic insight that has always excited admiration, with economic subtlety that has ranked him with the best of thinkers, and whose preaching drove him into exile, failed of the substantial results achieved by the too often bombastic exhortations of that other splendidly endowed Jew, Lassalle. The International was a fiasco, but the Social Democratic movement in Germany, which owes its political bent to Lassalle's fiery sentences, has wrought astonishing changes in the economic and political life of the Fatherland.

Lassalle's qualities have fascinated Mr. Brandes, as they fascinated Heine and Humboldt and George Meredith. The strong appeal which the man, as man, makes to him is evident at every turn. As we read his eulogy, for his book is best described by that term, we may reserve judgment, but we are bound to admit that he charms us by the graces of his style, and stimulates us by the generosity of his spirit.

Notes

There is about to appear from the Oxford University Press "Frederick James Furnivall: A Volume of Personal Record." It contains a biography by J. J. Munro, together with contributions by various friends, including Henry Bradley, Stopford Brooke, E. Dowden, Beatrice Harraden, Anthony Hope, Henry Arthur Jones, W. P. Ker, Sir Sidney Lee, Sir James Murray, W. Poel, A. W. Pollard, G. H. Radford, W. W. Skeat, Mrs. Stopes, R. Whiteing, A. Brandl, J Schick, A Feuillerat, C. Chiarini, R. Dyboski, E. Flügel, J. M. Manly, and F. M. Padelford. The proceeds of the volume are to go to the Furnivall Sculling Club.

Admiral Alfred T. Mahan has completed his new work on "Naval Strategetics," which will be published in the autumn by Little, Brown & Co.

A. F. Calvert has added "Valencia and Murcia" to his Spanish Series, published by John Lane Co. The plates in this volume number 288.

In the preface to his translation of "The Iliad of Homer" (Baker & Taylor) A. G. Lewis confesses that the task has occupied the leisure time of more than twelve years. The blank verse which Mr. Lewis has chosen for his version shows evident care, and the result, as a whole, is respectable, but, much as we should like to commend so pious a work, we cannot say it is more than respectable. In turning the pages we have found no better passage, though we have met with many worse, than the scene at the end of the eighth book, on which Tennyson tried his hand. We transcribe it as a favorable specimen of Mr. Lewis's work:

> So, high in hope, all night the warriors sate
> In ranks, with many a watch-fire kindled round.
> As when about the radiant moon in heav'n
> The stars gleam forth resplendent, when deep calm
> Has stilled the wind, and every look-out place,
> Headland, and wooded vale, in light appears;
> When from the clouds bursts forth the boundless sky,
> And all the stars are seen, to fill with joy
> The shepherd's bosom; numberless as they
> 'Twixt fleet and Xanthus' wave the watchfires gleamed
> Kindled by Ilium's braves before their walls.
> A thousand fires were glowing on the plain;
> In each fire's glow sate fifty armed braves;
> While by the chariots stood the steeds, and cropped
> Corn and white barley till the fair-throned day.

To their series of historical narratives of adventure and discovery told for boys, Scribners have added "Trails of the Pathfinders," by George Bird Grinnell. Wherever possible, the journals of the explorers themselves are quoted, apparently in an endeavor to give the old flavor. Alexander Henry

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(Older and Younger), Alexander Mackenzie, Lewis and Clark, Pike and Fremont, are treated at greatest length.

The sentimental title of "From Memory's Shrine: The Reminiscences of Carmen Sylvia [H. M. Queen Elisabeth of Rumania]" (Lippincott), translated from the German, by Her Majesty's desire, by her former secretary, Edith Hopkirk, is not belied by the character of its contents. It consists of a series of chapters dealing with dead friends and relatives of the royal author, who, by her manner of writing, evokes the image of an elderly woman, clad in heavy mourning, walking among the graves of those she loved, and laying a cluster of immortelles upon each. There is something excessively intimate and *familiale* in this gushing outpouring of private emotion which offends scarcely less, though in another way, than those piquant memoirs of royal and other personages which Her Majesty stigmatizes, in a brief introduction to the present volume, as "but a superior sort of gossip—when they are not, that is to say, simply gossip of a despicable kind!" "No mysteries," she goes on to say, "will be here unveiled, no scandalous secrets dragged to light. I do not propose to draw back the curtain from before the picture gallery within whose sacred precincts I have until now allowed no other footsteps than my own to stray, so that all who will may render homage with me to the moral and intellectual value of the lives these portraits strive to commemorate." The bourgeois ideal does not, on the whole, mix well with the monarchical notion. Hence, although we may approve and commend the spectacle of domestic virtue and felicity in royal households, there is something smug, fatuous, and philistine in their celebration in such chapters as those on Grandmama, Two Old Retainers, A Group of Humble Friends, My Tutors, and My Brother Otto. The reason is, perhaps, that, in such records, so much importance seems tacitly attached to the mere social scale of the picture as a means of rendering worthy of note what is essentially insignificant. Extraordinary art would alone serve to render these rather self-conscious reminiscences of the slightest interest, and that the writer certainly does not possess; while only in one or two instances, as when she is dealing with Clara Schumann, Bernays, and Bunsen, are the figures evoked in themselves of sufficient personal distinction to raise the record of the associations of one-half a century above the level of the complete commonplace.

In "Ups and Downs of a Wandering Life" (Appleton) there is a chapter called Casual Stories, a caption which might properly be applied to the entire volume. Walter Seymour, the author of these rambling recollections, left his Pall Mall Club and spent several years in Argentina, Paraguay, and Venezuela. His two letters written from Paraguay in 1873, describing the unfortunate attempt to settle an English colony there, are interesting and instructive. So is his account of Oom Paul's method of keeping the English from controlling the Delagoa Bay Railroad. But by far the larger part of the book is filled with tiresome personal anecdotes of a gay "old buffer," most of whose friends "died much too soon."

The tenth volume of "The Catholic Encyclopedia" (Robert Appleton), edited by Charles G. Herbermann and others, contains the usual number of important articles. Among them we have noticed particularly those on the Mass, an elaborate historical and theological argument from the orthodox Catholic point of view; on Mexico, very full and beautifully illustrated; on Miracles, a mere apologetic essay; on Missions, an interesting and useful account of Catholic Missions the world over; and on Monasticism, a careful and instructive treatment of the whole subject. The article on Cardinal Newman is sympathetic and not without discrimination, though over-laudatory in parts, as writers on Newman are apt to be. The article on Modernism naturally excites particular interest. The subject is a delicate one for such a work, but it should seem that the writer might have treated it in less polemic fashion without incurring the suspicion of heresy. The following definition of Modernism sufficiently indicates his attitude: "In this way then we may define Modernism as the critique of our supernatural knowledge according to the false postulates of contemporary philosophy." The insertion of the word *false*, adding nothing whatever to the elucidation of the subject, is unfortunate, and shows how little effort was made to treat objectively this most interesting of contemporary movements within Catholicism.

The Medicean Society of London (P. H. Lee Warner) has added to the Bibliotheca Riccardiana a volume containing the poems of Catullus, Tibullus, and Propertius. The text, from the standard Oxford editions of Ellis, Postgate, and Phillimore, respectively, is printed without any helps for the laggard in Latin, except an index of proper names; the book is, indeed, for the gentleman, if we may accept the old definition of a gentleman as one who knows his classics, and for the bibliophile. The paper is of the best linen (there are also a few copies on vellum), and the typography is clear and firm, with initials in pale blue. One lover of a clean page may record here the pleasure with which he read the golden first elegy of Tibullus and the exquisite third of Propertius in this fair new setting.

Two essays by G. Lowes Dickinson originally printed in the *Hibbert Journal*, together with the Ingersoll Lecture delivered at Harvard in 1909 and published in the *Atlantic Monthly*, are issued by Houghton Mifflin Co. in a slight volume called "Religion and Immortality." Mr. Dickinson is by no means at his best in this field, but his style has the usual mark of grace and suavity.

With the twelfth volume John Bassett Moore brings to an end his compilation of the "Works of James Buchanan" (Lippincott). This volume contains Buchanan's interesting but unconvincing defence of his own administration, first published in 1866, and now valuable only as the statement of the opinions of a man who had identified himself with a policy which had become hopelessly out of touch with constitutional development. A not very discriminating address on Buchanan by W. N. Hensel, hardly worthy of such permanent form, the unfinished autobiography, completed by a rather light and unimportant note by his nephew, James Buchanan Henry, and a very full and satisfactory index round out the volume. Buchanan's prominence as a politician and a diplomat deserved some recognition, and the editor has performed his task most thoroughly. Indeed, he has overweighted his subject by including much of very slight importance, whether judged by its personal or public value, and the twelve volumes could easily have been compressed into six. Buchanan was not a good writer, his speeches have a stump flavor, and his more formal addresses in Congress are too tinged by partisanship to be read intelligently apart from their context. As a letter-writer he is a distinct disappointment, but his diplomatic papers indicate his best qualities. He will be judged by his Presidency, and the more interesting earlier years passed in politics and in the foreign service will not receive the attention they deserve. This arises from his being only one of many of the same political type, who grew up under Jackson, who played their parts with that following, and who have been judged unequal to the responsibilities laid upon them. To no other of the group, however, has such a compliment been paid as is implied in these dozen stately volumes prepared under such excellent editorship.

"The History of Parliamentary Taxation in England" (Moffat, Yard), by Shepard A. Morgan, is the second volume in the series of David A. Wells Prize Essays, published by the department of political science of Williams College. It is a study of parliamentary control over taxation in England, and is confined pretty strictly to the two subjects, Who or what the taxing authority was, and Whether the tax was laid in accordance with it. The practical workings of the tax laws, therefore, receive but little attention; and the book is of interest to the student of political history rather than to the student of finance. In Saxon times, Mr. Morgan shows that Danegeld was levied with the assent of the Witan, such assent being more or less formal according to the strength of the King. With the Normans came a period of almost arbitrary taxation by the King until Magna Carta, after which the custom of parliamentary grants was gradually established. Mr. Morgan discusses intelligently and interestingly the long struggle which ended with the Bill of Rights in 1689, but adds substantially nothing to our knowledge of the subject. He has utilized, with suitable acknowledgment, the best authorities; and, if he has not gone beyond them, has at least written a convenient work of reference. The theory of Germanic origins, with which the first chapter begins, fortunately does not affect Mr. Morgan's subsequent treatment of historical facts.

"Siren Land" (Dutton), by Norman Douglas, is devoted to Capri and the Sorrentine peninsula, and suggests deceptively the average descriptive book of travel. As a matter of fact Mr. Douglas has lived into his theme as travellers cannot do. He knows foot by foot the clefts and pinnacles of the land of the Sirens, has lived among the peasants, taken their folklore from their lips, and read their history in the local archives. Thus his book is in a paradoxical degree both erudite and temperamental. Mr. Douglas contrives to be archæologist, folklorist, historian, *flaneur*, and fantastic inviter of his own soul. In all these rôles he is terse, vigorous, a hater of mere phrases, and a shunner of nonsense. Upon

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his reader he makes considerable demands. The book is written from an agile and well-stored mind, and presupposes a cultured public. Among the chapters none is more excellent than that which describes the bodily and spiritual stresses of Suor Serafina, an uncanonized saint, who lived in Capri only two centuries ago. Mr. Douglas's suggestion that Suor Serafina modelled her spiritual experiences on those of Saint Theresa is very interesting, giving a new hint in morbid psychology. A certain fine scornfulness in the book nowhere appears more effectively than in the study of the Emperor Tiberius, and his ancient maligners. Of pure description there is little; that is left sensibly to excellent illustrations. But always there is a blend of scenic, personal, historical, and legendary interests, which an alert reader will find as savory as it is unusual.

Charles Macomb Flandrau's endeavor in the booklet of essays called "Prejudices" (Appleton) seems to be to call a spade a spade, and the work suffers somewhat from the literalness of the procedure. Some Dogs, Parents and Children, In the Undertaker's Shop, Holidays, Writers, Servants, are characteristic subjects. The work is of oddly uneven texture. Quite admirable in a sordid way is the sketch Wanderlust, the story of two derelicts in Mexico. We liked the essay on servants, especially that admirable Parisian waiter "whose only function it was to pacify the guests."

Although dressed as a waiter, he never actually waited. He, instead, drifted about from table to table engaging one in conversation, soothing the complainers, lulling the impatient. He was tall and thin, with a long, intelligent nose. Balzac would have immortalized him. He had a genius for tiding over the irritation of red-faced men in a hurry. When he saw one that had almost reached the point of explosion, he would saunter up to the table and begin to talk. In a few seconds the impatient, red-faced man would be proclaiming his opinion on some burning question of the day, and before he had finished, his belated order would be served.

Excellent, too, is the reminiscence of a kindergarten, "Mrs. White's," where prevailed a dreadful professional cheerfulness, and, withal, a disgustful enthusiasm for what was esteemed to be "nature." Like the letter which Mr. Flandrau quotes to prove that Newport society is better than its repute, Mr. Flandrau is good in spots.

The "Third Annual Report of Reforms and Progress in Korea" (1909-10), compiled by the government-general of Chosen (the most ancient and most recent name of the new peninsular province of Japan), dated Seul, December, 1910, and well illustrated, is now at hand. The excellent map shows the railways, completed or in process of construction, lighthouses, mines, navigation routes, sites of battlefields, and other data which reveal the vast change that has come over the once hermit kingdom. Under seventeen heads, exclusive of copious appendices, tables, and illustrations, the work of reconstructing out of chaos and misrule a modern state is described in detail. Police in steam launches deal with pirates. The military operations in 1909 required the death of eleven Japanese soldiers and 3,001 Koreans. The natives wounded, captured, or surrendered numbered 3,021, the last being now employed on road-making. The payment of taxes in money, instead of in kind, abolishes much local corruption and stimulates traffic and the creation of banks. Afforestation, the reclaiming of waste lands, scientific agriculture, public sanitation, and manual training seem to be making notable progress. Of hospitals—unknown in former days—there were 149. The census shows a total of 12,934,282 souls. The text and English translation of the Amalgamation Convention of August 29, 1910, may be found in the *Revue de Droit Internationale* of Tokio for December, 1910. The mediatizing of the Korean princes and seventy-five peers cost Japan fifteen million dollars. Military conscription will be delayed for ten years. From the "Résumé Statistique de l'Empire du Japan" for 1911, it is seen that Japan has now a population of over sixty-five millions, with an area of 260,748 square miles, or 250 persons to the square mile, which is less than that in several of the countries of Europe.

The "Gerarchia Cattolica," the official year-book of the Vatican, reports that at present the hierarchy of the Catholic Church consists of 50 cardinals, 13 patriarchs, 297 archbishops, 1,257 bishops, 22 exempt abbies. The same year-book also states that this hierarchy holds sway over 285,912,838 Catholics. Of these, 182,437,522 live in Europe, with 177,385,844 belonging to the Latin and 5,051,678 to the Greek Rite. Asia has 5,422,641 Roman Catholics, 4,559,865 belonging to the Latin and 862,776 to the Greek Rite; Africa has 2,681,740 Roman Catholics, all but forty thousand belonging to the Latin Rite; America has 86,996,513, all but 345,000 of the Latin Rite; and Australia, 8,374,422, all of the Latin Rite.

According to official statistics, the eight universities of Austria-Hungary had during the past semester a total attendance of 28,662 students. Of these Vienna alone had 9,736, or more than one-third, the tendency being to flock to this city, as the students of Germany do to Berlin and those of France to Paris. Next came Lemberg, with 4,824; the Czech University of Prague, with 4,432; Cracow, with 3,308; Graz, with 2,063; the German University of Prague, with 1,844; Innsbruck, with 1,288; and Czernowitz, with 1,167. The distribution according to faculties was as follows: Theology, 1,500; law, 13,050; medicine, 5,319; and philosophy, 8,793. The number of women students was 1,036, of whom 949 were regular "Hörerinnen," while the rest were "Hospitantinnen." None of these women followed theology or law.

Science

Foods and Their Adulteration. By Harvey W. Wiley. Philadelphia: P. Blakiston's Son & Co. $4 net.

The National Pure Food law of 1907 was, perhaps, the most important hygienic measure ever passed in this country, putting us in some respects above European nations in regard to legislative steps in connection with food supply. Toward this reform, no one contributed so large a share as Dr. Wiley. Many are the successful tilts he has had with those who, to save trouble or expense, have supplied the markets with injurious or unpalatable foodstuffs; and even in cases where other experts have disagreed with him, the public has chosen to follow his advice, refusing to buy what he disapproves of; benzoate of soda, for instance, being no longer generally tolerated as a preservative of fish, meats, and canned fruits, as it was before he denounced it as harmful and unnecessary.

In the same year that the Pure Food law was passed, there appeared the first edition of Dr. Wiley's "Foods and Their Adulteration," the value of which to all who wish to preserve or recover their health cannot be exaggerated. The best medical opinion is to the effect that most of the minor ailments of mankind and many of the major ones have their origin in a disordered digestion, due to the amazing ignorance of most persons as regards the things they eat. Dr. Wiley's book gives, in untechnical language, a vast amount of useful, interesting, and appetizing information about all kinds of meats and meat products—fresh, canned, refrigerated, or otherwise preserved; about poultry, eggs, and game birds; fish foods, oysters, clams, terrapin; milk, butter, and cheeses; cereals, vegetables, fungi, condiments, and fruits; oils, fats, and nuts; sugar, syrup, honey, and confectionery. The origin and history of each important article are briefly stated, the methods of manufacture are described, the chemical and dietary aspects noted, the standard of purity indicated, and the common adulterations pointed out and denounced. It is, therefore, a book that should be in every household, for daily reference; a book indispensable to intelligent caterers and private buyers of foods, as well as to cooks; a volume that should be adopted as the principal text-book in those schools of domestic science which are multiplying and growing so rapidly.

It is also a book for those manufacturers and dealers who are sensible enough to understand that in the long run it is much less profitable to deceive the consumer, legally or illegally, than it is to give him always what is best for his health and gastronomic enjoyment and consequently makes him eager to buy the same article again. "In the end the true, the ethical, and the just in these practices will prevail," as Dr. Wiley puts it. England has firms that have made millions by following that maxim. Therefore, instead of antagonizing Dr. Wiley for denouncing "the crime committed against mankind in the debasement, adulteration, and sophistication of food articles," the makers, preservers, and purveyors of foods would show more commercial sense if they carefully studied his book and avoided what he disapproves of. While the Pure Food Law has brought about a salutary change, much still remains to be done ere the consumer is adequate-

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ly protected; how much is made manifest in this volume.

Until about thirty years ago meats were usually preserved with salt, sugar, vinegar, or wood-smoke. The mischief began when it was found that they could be preserved with certain chemical germicides, in a much shorter time and at a very greatly reduced expense. Consequently this method gained a great vogue, "not as a means of benefiting the consumer, but as a means of enriching the packer and dealer." Some of these chemicals are now forbidden, but that does not mean they are not used on the sly, while others are still tolerated by law. Fortunately, Dr. Wiley, besides being a chemical detective, is also an epicure. He emphasizes the fact (which his opponents shrewdly try to keep in the background) that even when certain methods of cold storage or of preserving foods with chemical germicides are not directly injurious, they are so indirectly by destroying the flavor of the food, making it unpalatable; which is a matter of extreme importance, not merely because it mars the pleasures of the table, but because unpalatable food does not stimulate the digestive glands to proper activity. Nothing is more likely to surprise the average reader of this book than the frequency with which the author calls attention to the fact that the value of this or that food is condimental rather than nutritive; and in all these cases the destroying of the flavor is, of course, particularly objectionable. Oysters are a conspicuous instance. The process of "floating" (soaking them in fresh water) is strongly denounced by Dr. Wiley as a species of adulteration, because it is "fatal to the flavor and palatability of the product."

The second edition, recently issued, omits some of the appendices that were considered no longer necessary, but includes, in lieu, about a hundred pages of new material, besides bringing all the chapters up to date, statistically and otherwise. The chapters on infants' and invalids' foods have been expanded, and an entirely new part is devoted to a description of simple tests for adulterations which any intelligent housewife may make in case of suspected viands. Among the features which will help to popularize the new edition are discussions of prominent topics of the day, such as the question whether the drinking of sour milk prolongs life. Repeated reference is made to the fact that the author is at work on a companion volume to the present manual, devoted to beverages.

E. Protheroe's "Natural History of the World" (Dutton) accomplishes the difficult task of giving a general survey of the animal kingdom in one handy volume. Contrary to the prevalent fashion in these evolutionary days, Mr. Protheroe sensibly begins his treatise with the highest forms and works downward. To do this is to start with forms of living interest to the reader. From the nature of his large plan, Mr. Protheroe makes an occasional trifling error. It would have been well if he had submitted the various grand divisions of his manuscript to specialists. In one important respect, however, he is well grounded. His scheme of classification seems to be generally correct and contemporary; and not only that, it is sufficiently Anglicized to be useful to the lay reader. The table of contents in itself should be of the greatest value. It is pleasing to find that the author has taken much pains to bring his work down to date. He includes among the most important mammalia of the world such rarities as the okapi, takin, tree-kangaroo, Grevy zebra, Prjevalsky horse, and markhor. In dealing with the insects, however, the author might well have paid his respects to the gypsy moth and the brown-tail, two species that the inhabitants of New England know to their sorrow, and of which other Americans live in constant fear. The illustrations are numerous, but mostly are poor. In every work of this kind, the pictures are, or should be, of equal importance with the text. It is indeed a skilful pen that in half a page of print can convey an impression of the form of any living creature that will even half way equal a good picture of a typical example of the species. There are twenty-four colored plates from drawings, some of which would have been the better for a critical overlooking previous to publication. Of the 291 half-tone pictures, made from photographs, many are poor, and some are absolutely worthless. For example, the sloth bear is a great, shapeless blur; the Malay bear is almost useless; the aye-aye is an annoyance; the ruffed lemurs are very incomplete; the head of the grizzly bear is bad; and the chacma is without excuse. On the other hand, a number of the colored plates of mammals are excellent. In fairness, though, it should be said that thin paper, which was necessary to make 564 pages wieldy, is a poor medium for half-tone pictures.

The need long felt of a brief manual setting forth the physical geography of the Holy Land and sketching Biblical history upon the background of geography, has been adequately met by a skilled teacher and observant traveller, Charles F. Kent, in his "Biblical Geography and History" (Scribner). With a mind alert to the requirements of students, he has concentrated attention upon the essential, and has told his story with movement. Excellent maps, appendixes, including a selected bibliography and a list of accessible slides for the purpose of illustration, and an index add to the general usefulness of the book.

Preliminary steps of a promising character have been taken for the establishment of a Vulcan Institute in Naples, by the well-known authority in this department of research, Immanuel Friedländer, who has given 100,000 francs for the necessary buildings and equipments, and for ten years will give 10,000 francs annually to maintain the institution. One purpose is to take regular measurements of the temperature of the gases, and to observe their phenomena, as well as the registration of the local earthquakes in Mt. Vesuvius.

Drama and Music

Howard V. Sutherland describes his four-act comedy, "The Woman Who Could" (Desmond FitzGerald), as a play with a purpose, that purpose being a dramatic illustration of the responsibility of foolish, luxurious, reckless, and selfish women for many of the most flagrant evils with which modern society is afflicted. The theme is somewhat trite and obvious, but he exhibits so much sincerity and common sense in his discussion of it that his ignorance of theatrical necessity is a source of regret. Unfortunately something more than honest intent, familiarity with the chosen subject, and a certain amount of literary facility, is needed to make a good play. Mr. Sutherland's comedy is smartly written, contains the germ of an effective story, and is crammed with indisputable truths and excellent maxims, but, except at brief intervals, it is essentially undramatic. The personages, most of the time, are engaged in debates, which, if they bear some relation to the action, are not of it and retard rather than further it. In itself the dialogue, as a rule, is bright and significant, but it is not practicable stage talk. Nor are the characters, although they are clearly conceived, life-like in their conduct. They would be more credible in the pages of a novel than in the glare of the footlights. As for the story, that is spoiled by the transparent clumsiness of its sentimental ending, which is not only exceedingly improbable, but is subversive of the moral which it was the professed object of the piece to convey. The foolish wife, who treacherously and secretly imperils her husband's fortune in a speculative deal in order that she may gain social advancement, is, after a brief period of anxiety and repentance, rewarded by the fullest success of her inexcusable investment. It is true that she is supposed to profit by the lesson, and that she and her feminine associate in folly, resolve to be model wives and mothers hereafter, but this profession imparts no strength to an utterly futile and conventional development.

On August 11 the New Theatre of London, under the direction of William Poel, will give Coleridge's translation of Schiller's "Death of Wallenstein," with some scenes from the "Piccolomini."

The Coburn Players will begin their third appearance at Columbia University in connection with the department of English in the grove at the university on July 25, and will continue the rest of the week, with a matinée on Saturday. The plays will be given in the following order: Tuesday evening, July 25, "Much Ado About Nothing"; Wednesday evening, the "Electra" of Euripides, translation by Gilbert Murray; Thursday evening, "Taming of the Shrew"; Friday evening, "Macbeth"; Saturday matinée, "As You Like It"; Saturday evening, "The Canterbury Pilgrims," by Percy MacKaye.

Particulars have now been issued of the Shakespeare summer season organized by the governors of the Shakespeare Memorial at Stratford-upon-Avon, under the direction of F. R. Benson. The season will last four weeks—from Saturday, July 22, to Saturday, August 19. The repertory will consist of the following plays: "A Midsummer Night's

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Dream," "The Merchant of Venice," "As You Like It," "The Taming of the Shrew," "The Tempest," "King Henry V," "King Richard II," "Romeo and Juliet," and "Hamlet." The interesting thing about the performances of "Hamlet" is that Mr. Benson and his company will give the complete play, as they did at the Lyceum Theatre some twelve years ago; and these performances, which are to be given on Friday, July 28; Tuesday, August 1; Friday, August 11, and Thursday, August 17, will begin at six o'clock in the afternoon. Whenever possible the afternoon performances will be given in the open air.

The plays are not to be the only undertaking of this summer season, which is adapted for the needs and conveniences of those whose work prevents them from attending the spring festival, and primarily perhaps those interested or employed in education. On the opening day of the season, Saturday, July 22, Mme. Osterberg's students will give a display of physical culture exercises; on Tuesday, July 25, Mrs. Roger Watts will lecture on Ju-jitsu, with a demonstration; on Tuesday, August 1, Professor Cramb will lecture on "Tragic Thought and Tragic Drama," and other lectures will be announced later. On Monday, August 7, comes a twelve hours' entertainment, a flower show, with sports, a water carnival, and a masque, "The Merry Haymakers," to be performed by children from Lancashire.

Covent Garden will in all probability be the theatre at which Sophocles's "Œdipus Rex" will be produced for Martin Harvey. As the result of negotiations by Mr. Harvey on the one side and Frank Rendle of Covent Garden on the other, the production of the tragedy at that theatre is assured virtually for next January. Alterations within the theatre for the presentation of the play, in which between 500 and 600 people are to take part, have been agreed on, the most important of these being the raising of the floor to the level of the stage and the erection upon this of an arena for the movements of the actors.

Mr. Harvey has two English versions of "Œdipus Rex" to choose from, one a translation by Prof. Gilbert Murray, the other a translation by W. L. Courtney from a French version. Both have been licensed by the Lord Chamberlain. Mr. Harvey, if the proposals for Covent Garden are ratified, will have "Œdipus Rex" produced for him by Professor Reinhardt, whose name has already been made familiar to London playgoers by the beautiful and artistic "Sumurûn." In Berlin, the play, with 600 performers, was produced in a circus, and was a great success. Crowds packed the circus from floor to ceiling at every performance, and an average of £1,500 was the nightly return, the audience numbering from 3,000 to 4,000 people. Negotiations are about concluded for Professor Reinhardt to produce the tragedy in Paris in the autumn and in New York in the spring.

Josef Stransky, the new conductor of the New York Philharmonic Society, is at Prague, where he is preparing the programmes for the coming season, and will arrive early in October in time to conduct an extended series of rehearsals before the opening concerts. The Philharmonic season will begin November 2 and 3 (Thursday evening and Friday afternoon) with the Russian violinist Zimbalist as soloist—his first appearance in this country.

Two Russians, Safonoff and Rachmaninoff, are among the musicians already engaged to help celebrate the one hundredth season of the London Philharmonic Society. Nikisch will be a third, and nine Englishmen have been invited to compose and conduct new works. The first of the concerts will be conducted by Mengelberg on November 7, with Rachmaninoff as soloist. The last concert will be devoted largely to Beethoven's ninth symphony. This was originally written at the invitation of the London Philharmonic, which offered him $250 therefor, on the condition that the symphony should be its exclusive property for eighteen months. When the MS. arrived it bore the following inscription: "Grosse Symphonie geschrieben für die Philharmonische Gesellschaft in London von Ludwig van Beethoven." Subsequently, for reasons obscure, he dedicated the symphony to the King of Prussia and allowed it to be first performed in Vienna. Nevertheless, the London Philharmonic treasures the MS. score as its most valued possession.

The last number of the leading German periodical, *Die Musik*, which appears in magazine form twice a month in Berlin, is a special "Gustav Mahler Heft," devoting fifty pages to that great composer and conductor. His biographer, Paul Stephan, tells of his years of childhood and study. Richard Specht gives his reasons for calling Mahler the greatest artist of our time, the best conductor since Wagner. Ernst Decsey tells of the hours he spent with Mahler and the topics they discussed. Emil Gutmann describes his methods as an organizer, and his songs are discussed by Georg Göhler. In a "Review of Reviews" the opinions of leading critics are briefly summed up, and an extremely valuable Mahler bibliography of nine pages is contributed by Otto Keller. There are also portraits, caricatures, facsimiles, and a reprint of his song, "Ich ging mit Lust durch einen grünen Wald."

Seventy-five thousand persons attended the organ recitals given during the last season in the Great Hall of the College of the City of New York by Samuel A. Baldwin, head of the department of music. The number of these recitals was fifty-nine. The programmes have been reprinted in a pamphlet which may be highly commended to other organists. Brief descriptive notes are included.

Art

In the fourth volume, "Florentine Masters of the Fifteenth Century," of Langton Douglas's edition of Crowe and Cavalcaselle's "A History of Painting in Italy" (*Scribner importation*), the name of G. de Nicola appears as assistant editor, and the publisher, John Murray, promises a prompt preparation of the two remaining volumes. In the Quattrocento, Mr. Douglas reaches his chosen field and strikes a better editorial gait. The polemical element which was so offensive in the earlier volumes is, if not absent, at least kept within bounds. The editor, too, is more brief and businesslike in this volume, and less inclined to spread his personal opinions at large. What is lacking is sense of proportion and accuracy. For example, if the charming personality reconstructed by Mr. Berenson and genially called Amico di Sandro is worthy of only a foot-note, Jacopo del Sellaio is surely not worthy of an especial appendix of more than two pages, but if Sellaio were raised to this prominence, at least the work should be made complete. In accordance with the system followed by the original editors, all the attributions to Sellaio should have been registered and discussed. Our own judgment is that a footnote would have sufficed. Certain characteristic inaccuracies of the editor reveal themselves clearly in his appendix on Pesello and Pesellino. Within three pages we have the ugly errors Laudino for Landino, and Charity for Chastity, There is no mention of Wernher Weisbach's authoritative monograph on Pesellino, nor of the Madonna by that master in the Metropolitan Museum. In the description of the Petrarchan Triumphs in Mrs. John L. Gardner's collection, the Triumph of Time is omitted. These are small matters but significant. In the life of Verrocchio, which has swelled from nine pages, in the Hutton three-volume reprint, to more than thirteen, Miss Crutwell's convenient book is ignored, and nothing is said of the Lichtenstein portrait which many critics have ascribed to Verrocchio. The insignificant artist Giovannibattista Utili is mentioned in a footnote, p. 248, without, however, the exact reference to Ricci's article, and the name Utili does not appear in the index. Again these are trifles, but it is precisely for trifles that one usually consults such a work as Crowe and Cavalcaselle. In the main, Mr. Douglas's part has been that of footnote retouches to the original work. In the case of such a life as that of Filippo Lippi, where the authors were about as wrong as possible, this produces curious results. In general, both as regards criticism proper and expertise in the narrow sense, these chapters on the Florentine painters were the weakest portion of the original work, and any attempt to bring it up to date must perforce be unsatisfactory. All that may properly be asked of an editor in such a case is accuracy and objectivity, qualities which Mr. Douglas seems to be very gradually acquiring and which we hope he will command in fuller measure in the remaining two volumes.

In the five short years of Sixtus V's reign (1585-1590) he established what was to be the semblance of modern Rome. Aided by his architect, Domenico Fontana, Sixtus V set four obelisks in the squares, built the Lateran palace and arranged its piazza, built the Vatican library, completed the dome of St. Peter's, encased Sta. Maria Maggiore in its primly classic marbles and added to it two chapels, put the Dioscuri of the Quirinal in their present position and provided a square worthy of them, brought the Piazza della Colonna into its present disposition, improved the Piazza del Popolo, and planned the Piazza Navona. By the highway that begins with the Via Sistina he linked together the Pincian, Quirinal, and Viminal, and so prepared the way for the upper city. Such characteristic monuments as the Quattro Fontane, midway in this new thoroughfare, were his creation. Prosper Bresciano's ill-fated Fountain of

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Moses, near by, commemorates the bringing of Rome's most abundant water supply, the Acqua Felice, again to the city over the old aqueduct. Enough has been said to show that visible Papal Rome is largely the creation of Sixtus V. It was he who laid down the lines that were developed through the two succeeding centuries. If Rome never fully yielded to the exuberance of the baroque it was because he and Fontana had willed otherwise. The life of this restless pontiff, the foe alike of dirt and of the Barbary pirates and the local brigands, the zealot of order and of the Palladian orders, might well attract an historian of literary parts, and Dr. J. A. F. Orbaan in the monograph "Sixtine Rome" (The Baker & Taylor Company) has been more than adequate to his theme. He writes with full knowledge that has not impaired his zest, and has reinforced his narrative with illustrations from photographs, frescoes, and old prints, singularly well chosen. His frankly avowed hero worship keeps a subhumorous detachment, and he does not attempt to palliate such vandalism as the destruction of the Septizonium. As a starting point for the study of that Rome which is neither an archæological survival nor a parliamentary project, Dr. Orbaan's book may be warmly recommended.

In the June number of *Die Kunst für Alle*, Prof. Paul Clemen of Bonn University has an interesting study, profusely illustrated, on the life work of George Grey Barnard, whom he calls "the greatest force among the American sculptors of to-day." While the essay contains admirable characterizations of Barnard's earlier works, such as the Two Natures or The Hewer, it is naturally above all concerned with the extraordinary groups designed for the main portal of the Pennsylvania State Capitol at Harrisburg. In them, Professor Clemen thinks, Mr. Barnard has achieved something superlatively great and something truly characteristic of the striving of American life. He does not deny that there is an element of forced wilfulness in Barnard's manner; he admits that the artist in him is often thwarted by the preacher; he recognizes the defects of his pictorial grouping, of his baroque backgrounds of grottoes, flowers, and birds. But he insists that all in all this Harrisburg array of sculptures is one of the most stupendous achievements of our age: "There is something of a Walt Whitman in this sculptor singing hymns to the naked beauty of radiant human bodies." Professor Clemen protests against the comparison of Barnard's work with Greek art of the age of Pheidias. Whether his own likening it to the art of Pergamon is more fortunate, may be doubted. It seems surprising that a man of Professor Clemen's independence and originality of style should condescend to the absurd neo-German fashion of speaking of an artist's life work as his "œuvre."

The last addition to the Methuen "Classics of Art" (Scribner importation) is "Tintoretto," by Evelyn March Phillipps. As a routine performance the work is not badly done, and the author has skilfully excerpted most of the relevant critical literature. Her own critical contribution is of the slightest. In fact, the chief merit of this well-printed and fully illustrated book is to bring before the greater public some of those remarkable tempera drawings by Tintoretto which have been recently discovered and acquired by the British Museum. One of Kenyon Cox's essays would have furnished interesting evidence of the employment of maquettes by Tintoretto. By an evident oversight in the documentary appendix Boschini (doc. viii) becomes an eighteenth-century authority and Palma Vecchio (doc. xii) appears as a witness to a paper signed fifty years after his death. These are pardonable trifles which will not mislead a scholarly reader, but it is no trifle to write about a painter of Tintoretto's kidney in our author's tone of gentle mediocrity.

From Dresden is reported the death of the historical painter, Heinrich J. M. F. Hofmann, in his eighty-eighth year. For a number of years he was professor in the Dresden Academy. His scenes from the New Testament are to be found in many German galleries.

Finance

PRICES AND PURCHASING POWER.

In the summer of 1897 the stock market began to discount the real recovery from the panic of 1893. Substantially as long a time has elapsed since the panic of 1907, yet it is hard to find those who profess to look for anything like a genuine stock market movement in the immediate future. About the most that any one will admit is that the market holds its own in rather remarkable fashion in face of dulness, gloomy crop talk, and the like. The panic of 1893 was one of our worst financial crashes, and was followed by four of the most adverse years in our history. And yet it almost looks as if in four years we had made less real progress in removing the débris of 1907 than was made after 1893.

It is not hard to discover the reason, or, more properly, the reasons. In the first place, we had not the means eighteen years ago for letting ourselves down easily that we have had in recent years. The phrase "mobilization of finance" had not been invented, nor the thing it stands for. The last ten or twelve years have brought about a much more effective coördination of the banking resources of the nation, and immediate and full liquidation of securities and commodities is not such an inevitable accompaniment of a financial crisis. In 1893 the securities and commodities markets were forced to recognize the logic of events. To-day we refuse to recognize the meaning of 1907, and consequently have delayed to do the one thing that must be done before we can find ourselves again on the way to maximum industrial activity. Until we grasp the fact that the cost of living is out of proportion to the purchasing power of the nation, we are quite likely to whistle in vain for a new wind of prosperity. Contrast the course of prices since 1907 with that witnessed after 1893. Commodities dropped abruptly in the early nineties. Government figures show that the relative retail prices of food throughout the United States were 104.1 in 1893, 100.3 in 1894, 98.2 in 1895, and 95.8 in 1896. Stated relatively, the wholesale price of raw and manufactured commodities dropped steadily from 105.6 in 1893 to 89.7 in 1897. Nothing like this happened after 1907. Prices, instead of falling, went materially higher, especially those for food. The last year has brought partial relief—the money pressure of 1910, conjoined with the fact that the masses could not meet the cost of living as then established, being the cause of considerable liquidation in foodstuffs. Yet when everything is said, the general cost of living remains astonishingly high. The purchasing power of the nation has meanwhile fallen.

There was never a clearer situation. But it is often easier to see a defect than to remedy it. It might almost seem that it was criminal negligence on the part of our captains of industry to keep on turning out commodities of all sorts at maximum prices in the last four years. A good deal is to be said for them, however. The industrial plant of this nation represents billions of capital, and its owners have every inducement to keep it in operation, even when profits are near the vanishing point. A mill deteriorates rapidly when idle, and the effective working force which has been built up through a period of years is quickly scattered.

Of course, producers of commodities have not in general fixed prices at the level of the last four years for the pure love of the thing. They have had to ask high prices in order to get out whole. The cost of production has advanced rapidly of late years. To say nothing of the cost of obtaining capital, producers have suffered from the public extravagance of the past decade, which has heightened their taxes, from the excessive high price of raw materials, and from the strong advance in the cost of labor. At this point attention may be called to another element in the high retail quotations of the last few years—the increased cost of distribution. Middlemen's expenditures have, of course, not stood still; and as for the retailer, he has made his shop more and more imposing, he has steadily improved the packing of the goods he sells, and has greatly enlarged the radius of his free delivery, all of which expense he must get back in his charge to the final consumer.

Still, it is a fact that prices are too high for purchasing power, and it is conceivable that the period of readjustment is not far distant. It must be remembered that the investment of capital represented by American industrial plants is large in comparison with that

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of European industry, making it of prime importance to our mills to operate as near their maximum capacity as possible. It will make this point clearer, perhaps, if attention is called to the situation of our American cotton mills. American mills, as a rule, are capitalized per spindle considerably in excess of British mills, frequently almost 100 per cent. more. Though our exports of cotton goods are small in comparison with Great Britain's, we have 29,189,000 spindles, against her 53,859,000. In other words, we have a good deal more cotton mill machinery in this country than our own needs call for, and it is capitalized at relatively high figures. For a very considerable part of the annual product of American mills foreign markets must be found, if textile conditions are to be kept on a sound basis here. But that is just what the high prices which our manufacturers have been obliged to make have prevented. By far the greatest purchaser of our cotton cloths is China—China, in fact, may be called the safeguard of our cotton textile industry. Nothing is more interesting than to study the fluctuations from year to year in our cotton goods exports to the Celestial Kingdom. In the calendar year 1907, a year of high prices, China bought, roughly, 38,500,000 yards of cloth from us; in 1908 she took 79,600,000; in 1909 she jumped to 154,400,000; in 1910 she fell to 65,500,000.

It is obvious what this means. With our high industrial capitalizations and an industrial plant very considerably in excess of our own need, we are bound to be seriously affected by a high cost of production. Facts, as Agassiz used to say, are stubborn things. During the last three or four years we have tried as hard as possible to hide the facts of our industrial situation from our eyes, but such a policy cannot be kept up forever. The simple fact is, there is not sufficient prosperity throughout the world to-day to admit of anything like the full product of American industry at maximum prices. The problem now confronting us is to put prices on a rational basis with as little disturbance as possible.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Birdsall, R. Fenimore Cooper's Grave and Christ Churchyard. Cooperstown: Christ Church Chronicle. $1.

Catulli, Tibulli, Properti, Carmina. Bibliotheca Riccardiana. London: P. H. Lee Warner.

Communium Naturalium Fratris Rogeri. Edited by Robert Steele. Frowde.

Dilley, E. M. The Red Fox's Son. Boston: Page.

Dwight, T. Thoughts of a Catholic Anatomist. Longmans, Green. $1 net.

Hugo's Poetry. Edited by J. Squair and P. Edgar. Boston: Ginn. 90 cents.

Humphreys, John H. Proportional Representation. London: Methuen.

Illinois Bureau of Labor Statistics, 1910. Twenty-ninth annual coal report. Springfield.

Shepherd, H. E. The Representative Authors of Maryland. Whitehall Pub. Co. $1.50.

Tudor, A. The Case of Paul Breen. Boston: Page.

Helen R. Albee's

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